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SPORT IN INDIA AND SOMALI LAND

BY

SURGEON CAPTAIN J.S. EDYE, A.M.S.



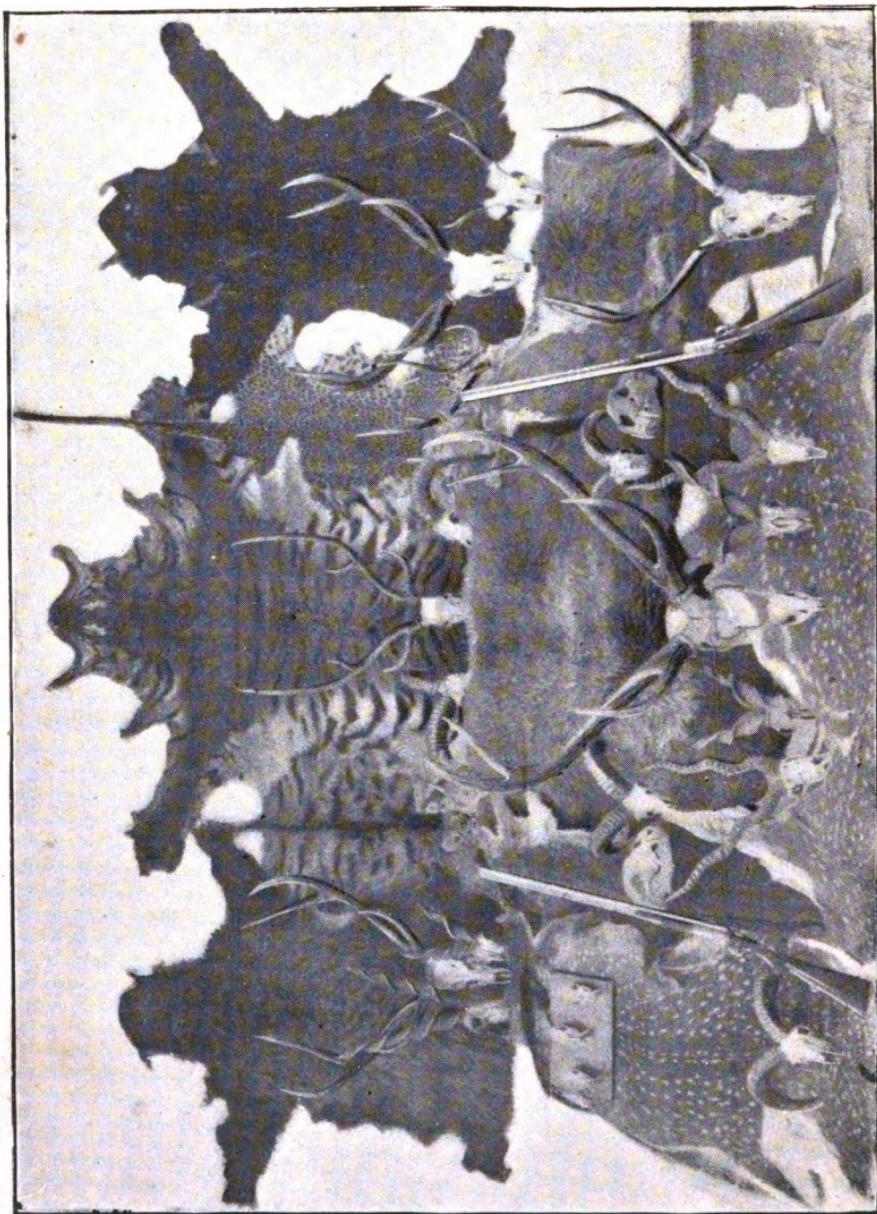
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"Bag made in 1890-91. India."

SPORT IN INDIA

AND

SOMALI LAND,

WITH

MINTS TO YOUNG SHIKARIES.

BY

Surgeon-Captain J. S. EDYE,

Army Medical Staff.

London :

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Frontispiece:
Bag made in 1890-91, India.
And 23 Illustrations.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—*The Illustrations are reproduced from Photos taken with a Kodak by the Author and his companion during their Sporting Tours, and are the best results that could be obtained: the Publishers hope they will be found sufficiently clear.*

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- PREFACE. -



EVERY youth on entering the Army or Indian Civil Service dreams of the sport he means to have, and it is with that view I am going to try to commit to paper a few practical experiences, which may aid him in choosing a kit which may be useful to him on duty and when shooting ; a battery, which will meet all his needs, and save him regrets at "the animal lost," and his friends regrets "that he has been mauled." Also a few "tips" of how to get about ; what to take, and how to preserve his specimens, so that when they come back to him from the taxidermist they may *look* and *remain* respectable.

I have tried also to put together a few exciting Shikar stories, also a few hints which may be found useful ; the details of which add immensely to the enjoyment of one's trips. Some of these stories read now even to me a trifle "tall," but there is not one exaggerated, and old hands at the game will, I am sure, say that "*anything* may occur in the jungle," and that facts *there* are often stranger than fiction.

J. S. EDYE, Surgeon-Captain,

Army Medical Staff.

INTRODUCTORY.



WHEN eight years of age, I was asked what I would be, and I answered—"A Sportsman, a Huntsman, or a Volunteer." Being blest with very little of the needful, but with a fine constitution, I have managed to carry out my first two ideas, but my vocation prevented me from following the latter. Being fond of animals, I of course kept every domestic one in existence, and at one time must have had considerably over one hundred head; and then, I remember, I wanted a horse, and gave a man two sovereigns to let me exercise one for eight mornings, and so taught myself to ride. Time went on and my chance came of following hounds and firing a rifle, and during the past eight years I have had a few experiences in the jungle and picked up a few practical tips.

: Sport in India :
and
Somali Land.

CHAPTER I.

OUTFIT AND WHERE TO GET IT.

Speaking generally, the same outfit is suitable both for INDIA and SOMALI LAND, though in the chapter devoted specially to the latter country I have gone into some additional details.

Tents.—I take it the reader wants the greatest amount of room consistent with lightness and coolness, and he cannot do better than write to the Secretary, The Elgin Mills Company, Cawnpore, for their catalogue; and, for duty or shikar, choose the "Officers' 80-lb. Light Field Service Tent (new pattern)," double fly, 10ft. by 8ft., for Rs. 88. If you have a bath-room it

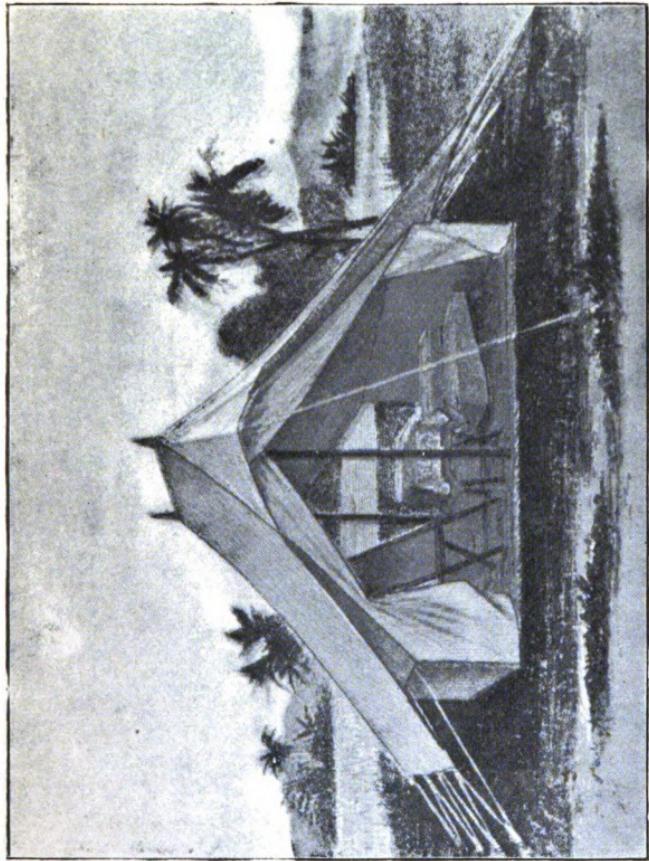
increases the weight, of course, and the price, by about Rs. 16. A picture of it is shown on page 10 of the catalogue, and is here reproduced. (*See Plate 1*).

Then on page 15 is depicted the "Tente d'abri," a single fly tent, 7ft. by 6ft., weighing 16lbs., for Rs. 15. This tent is very handy if late in the evening you get news of, say, elephants. You can give it to a coolie in its bag, which takes poles, &c., making a bundle about 5ft. long by 1ft. in diameter, and with your tiffin basket and sack blanket you can be off and do the two or three miles before you lie down to rest for the night, and be on the tracks of the animals at daybreak without being wet through with dew, or without having a stiff neck and a risk of ague or dysentery. (*See Plate 2*.)

Then the same firm have a tent known as a Sowar Pal, 10ft. by 8ft., weighing 30lbs., for Rs. 28, but they will make them 12ft. by 10ft. if ordered. It is a single fly tent shown on page 14 of their catalogue, and in India will save your servants from dysentery, and make them more comfortable; whilst in SOMALI LAND the bigger size will give you room to peg out two lion skins side by side, as in this country you cannot get a tree big enough to give sufficient shade. (*See Plate 3*.)

One word of caution about the tent poles. See that the iron spikes of the perpendicular poles can go through the hole in the iron ring of the ridge pole, or you cannot pitch the tent unless you have a file. I was "sold" in this manner, though the "management" sent me a note telling me the tent had been *pitched* before it left, and

PLATE I.



"The Double Fly Tent."

the first night in SOMALI LAND I discovered this could not have been so, and I marched six days before I got hold of a file, but R——, a gentleman with me, got his tent out, and only an hour's labour was lost to us unpacking and re-packing. The tents should be white and not karki or green. The former colour in nowise disturbs the animals, and is a considerable help to you in finding your camp at times, as it can be seen a long way off.

Regarding your "battery," this must be got in England, though Messrs. Manton and Co., of Calcutta, are most obliging and are about the only men who will hire you out good weapons. Their cartridges, both ball and shot, are most satisfactory too. If you are only going in for one weapon there is nothing like a 12-bore "Paradox" gun from Messrs. Holland. It shoots shot well, and with the large-hole bullet and three drachms of powder you can make fair shooting at buck up to 120 and 150 yards. With the small-hole bullet and four drachms you need not much fear walking up to a lion or tiger. The solid bullet, with the same charge of powder, is reported to have pierced an elephant's brain. But this weapon is heavy— $8\frac{1}{8}$ lbs.—to carry about on a hot day after snipe or duck, &c., a shot gun of $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. being much the preferable article. Then, if you can run to it, the most suitable all-round rifles, to my mind, are the .450, .577, and the 10-bore. The former does all a .500 will, and is *lighter*— $8\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. It is rather more accurate and is most suitable with the hollow copper tube, express bullet weighing 270 grains and $4\frac{1}{4}$ drachms powder, for

buck and all the wild sheep and goats of the Himalayas, and also for sambhur and cheetal, but as these latter may have to be fired at through twigs or grass, the light express bullet may be deflected. A solid "hardened" bullet made of twelve parts lead and one of tin, with no hole or tube, will cut its way more directly. The .577 weighing 11lbs. with 6 drachms powder and a pure, soft lead bullet weighing 650 grains, gives an awful shock and knock-down blow. The bullet is travelling at nearly 2,000 feet per second and spreads out nearly as big as a penny, and when we think that it is the animal's carcase stops it in its flight—for it is found under the skin on the opposite side to the entrance wound—we can imagine the shock which must be given. Besides, if it strikes the point of the shoulder or the hip bone, it goes on and does not splinter up on the surface as an "express" might. The only thing is that it fouls and wears away the rifling, and the weapon must be frequently *dry* cleaned, by *pushing* pieces of clean rag *clean through* from breech to muzzle. An *express* bullet, however, with a fairly good base, say half of its length only bored for the tube, and made of twelve parts lead and one tin does not so affect the barrels, and its base would pass on and cause shock even if a bone was struck. But if the bullet is bored more than half to two-thirds of the way down, the base splits up the same as the fore-half does, and though the viscera and large blood-vessels are torn to pieces and the animal dies in a *few minutes* of internal haemorrhage, yet obviously it does not do for a charging

PLATE 2.



“*Tente d'abri.*”

animal, or one that may charge. Now, if the bullet is not bored more than half way through, it will be found the base remains intact and pierces and penetrates. It is stopped in the carcase, giving the necessary shock. Again, a "hardened" *solid* bullet or a nickel coated one from this rifle is good enough for penetrating any of the pachydermata; as running with, and firing five or six shots from an 8 or 10-bore is not a thing to be done from choice; though this latter weapon should be used for your first shot, and perhaps second at rhino and elephant, if possible with a "hardened" conical bullet and 10 drachms of powder, and at the end of your stalk from a "rest." The bullets go ten to the pound, and the conical ones give a good deal more recoil than the spherical, but I fancy the former are the best. Of course, you may expect a little bit of "a head" for a few hours after firing a big charge like this, but it is not much, and much less is felt when "your blood is up" than when it is "cold." As regards the "sighting" of these weapons, point blank at 100 yards does very well for the standard sight of the .450 and .577; then for the former I think two folding sights for 200 and 300 yards will be found most useful; and for the latter weapon a folding sight for 150 and 200 yards. For the 10-bore, a standard sight for fifty yards and a folding one for 100 yards will suit most occasions. Here let me suggest that there should be no safety stops on the triggers, and that when firing the right barrel of your 10-bore, you should put the hammer of the left barrel down, for, should the report

of the one send off the other, if this precaution is not taken, you would be so dazed for a few seconds that, if an elephant charged you, she would be on you before you could move. A folding porcelain sight for night shooting should be let in to the rib behind your foresight for night work, and the locks should be rebounding ones, and not the half-cock type.

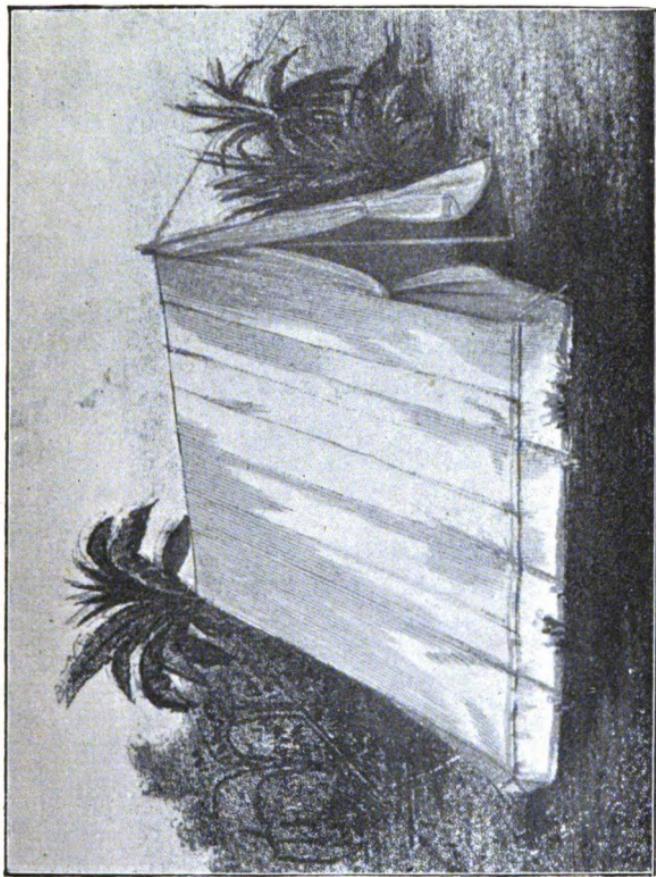
Of *Camp Furniture*, your bedstead, chair, and table should be light (consistent with strength), firm, and capable of being rapidly taken to pieces and put together. They are, I think, best bought in INDIA, though the Army and Navy Stores, Westminster, have a good portable wooden bedstead now, hinged in the centre. Your washing stand and *tin* bath are best bought at the Army and Navy Stores also. The best type of the former is to my mind one with three iron rods in the form of a short pyramid, base downward, fitting into a hoop, and a similar pyramid base upwards, also fitting into a hoop, which takes an enamel ware basin. The apices of these pyramids meet in six hinged joints about eighteen inches from the ground, forming a sort of tiny table, which takes your sponge. From the edge of the upper iron hoop project three iron rings, which take your tumbler, tooth-brush and soap dish, and as these three are all hinged on to the hoop, you can, for packing purposes, turn them into the centre of the hoop. The bath, a covered travelling one with strap, is most useful in INDIA; but in SOMALI LAND it is an awkward article for a camel and means

weight. An india-rubber bath with four loops, for 11s. at the Stores, Bombay or Westminster, will be found to wear well and answer the purpose admirably. In use, a hole is scooped in the sand and filled with grass, the loops taking four tent pegs, which steady the bath and keep the sides rigid. Two pairs of lock-up yâk dâns, viz., cane trunks covered with thin leather, made in Cawnpore, are very light and strong. They are made so that a pair go on a mule pack saddle. One pair is necessary for the cook for his pots and pans, for the various tins of sugar, tea, curry, spice, &c., from which he is using daily, and for meal, flour, bottles, jugs and hot water plates. The other will be found ample for your own clothes, cartridges and kit. In fact, one pair of these trunks ought to be sufficient, as all spare clothes can be put in the Wolseley valise. This valise is made at the Stores in strong brown waterproof canvas, with a cloth pocket running its whole length to take a thin mattress. The sides turn in about eight inches and are furnished with eyelet holes so that any contents are laced in. At one end of the valise is a pocket for pillows, and the whole rolls up and is fixed by two long leather straps. Let me advise two small *feather* pillows being bought with it, as *wool* ones in a hot climate spoil one's sleep by the perspiration they cause to the head and neck. A sack blanket, open part of the way down one side, of the best quality, is most useful. It can be bought at the Stores for about £3 10s. It is equiva-

lent to about three blankets and is most handy if you want to sleep out. Three or four spare blankets, and sheets will complete the bedding, with half-a-dozen strong pillow cases. I say half-a-dozen, for I find they make first-rate "meat safes" tied up to a tree. The valise, even with all this bedding in it, will take a second suit of shooting clothes, your flannels, towels, pyjamas, slippers, &c. For shikar clothing, nothing is better than the strong karki drill used for the British soldier in India. Every adjutant will give you permission to go to the regimental tailor, who will make you a pair of riding breeches and a patrol pattern coat with five or six slots on each breast for .450 and .577 cartridges ; also a false padded back to button on to protect the spine and lungs from the sun, for about Rs. 9 the lot. The buttons should be covered with the same cloth, as metal buttons glint in the sun and attract the attention of an animal. He will also provide you with a pair of karki puttees—bandages to support the legs and keep out dust and thorns—for about Rs. 1. A double lot of this kit ought to serve a man for a six months' shoot, and a couple of big brimmed pith hats to keep off the sun—with a chin strap, and *not* such a wide or badly placed brim behind that when you try to look along the sights of your rifle your shoulder blades push the hat over your eyes—are to be got in Bombay ; also a pair of green spectacles, to keep off the glare of the sun, whether from snow or other surroundings.

As for *Boots*, nothing comes up to a pair of cotton-

PLATE 3.



"The Sowar Pat."

soled, square-toed, thick, soft, brown leather shooting boots, the sole to project well to keep off those bruising stones. Brown leather is much cooler than black, and the "tongue" should be well stitched, right up to the top to keep out the dust. The cotton soles can be got for Rs. 2 a pair, by sending an outline of your foot to The Superintendent, Jubbulpore Jail, Jubbulpore, Central India, telling him you wish them to be wide enough, that, when made up, the edges may project. These you hand over to your native shoemaker, who, in twenty-four hours and for Rs. 8, will give you a first-rate pair of boots. They are noiseless, and do not slip, and wear tremendously well. Of course, there is no heel, but this does not cause any discomfort. Their only drawback is that in wet weather the mud sticks and clogs to them. Then ordinary English shooting boots are best, for when the leaves are damp and the ground soft, they are as noiseless as cotton soles. Do not have that greeny-yellow leather—sambhur hide—used for the "uppers" of your boots. It is beautifully soft, strong, and thick, and so keeps out blows and thorns, but if you should get it wet, it blisters your feet, owing, I think, to mustard oil which is used in preparing the sambhur hide. Two pairs are necessary. They should be worn alternately if you do not want tender feet. Of course, a good pair of light powerful binoculars are necessary, and with as wide a field of vision as is compatible with power. A large vulcanite water bottle covered with cloth, three broad bladed skinning knives, rounded

towards the point, and a long knife in a sheath with belt for one's waist are also necessary, as are a couple of waterproof cartridge bags. Of course, all these things are best bought in England, though they are to be obtained in the large shops in Calcutta and Bombay. Mosquito curtains are best made in INDIA, and with the camp bed, poles and sockets to receive them should be fitted. It is not only for the night pest that these are invaluable, but for the daily common or garden fly, which, even when not in myriads as they are in some places, will alone, by its persistent attempts to alight on your nose, cause the afternoon's siesta to be far from refreshing. A tiffin-lunch--basket fitted up for two people, bought in Bombay, gives one plates, knives, forks, &c. One or two hot water plates and dishes, and jugs of enamel ware will also be found of use, with a frying-pan with folding handle, and a medium size iron kettle, all of which can be got in most stations in INDIA. Dechies, the cooking vessels the natives use for the Sahibs' food, are obtained in any station ; they are made of copper and tinned over. About three sizes are sufficient, and your cook will prefer to use them for all the different "dishes," to anything more elaborate you may bring him from England. Food, especially vegetables, should, however, not be allowed to stand many hours in them if the tinning is at all worn off, as the copper is then acted on and causes colic in some people. There is a galvanized iron box with strap sold at the Stores, known as a

"canteen," and is worth taking out, or getting at the "branch" in Bombay. The lower part forms a bucket with the strap ; the cover a wash-hand basin, and the contents are a kettle, frying-pan and three or four tin pots for tea, sugar, pepper, salt, &c., and there are some cups, plates and cutlery besides. A file, pincers, screwdriver, strong tin opener, a bottle of "diamond cement," and a long metal tumbler are also required. A leather belt for the waist to hold twenty-five 12-bore cartridges is very useful for snipe shooting when the birds are numerous. The "Jhoola" described in Chapter V. is to be bought in INDIA. Any shoemaker will make it for Rs. 4.

Since writing the foregoing, I have made some experiments with two or three 10-bore rifles ; and I have come to the conclusion that rifles of this large bore shoot a hardened spherical bullet more accurately than they do a solid hardened conical bullet. Also that the greater the charge of powder—after $7\frac{1}{2}$ or 8 drachms—the greater the inaccuracy with both bullets, but especially so with the conical one. And, when shooting through twigs and branches, the spherical bullet is much more likely to cut its way direct to the bull's eye, the conical one being frequently deflected—sometimes altogether off the target. Hence, I now incline to a spherical hardened bullet, backed by not more than $7\frac{1}{2}$ or 8 drachms of powder, for the 10-bore ; as of a necessity one's shots must often be through twigs and branches, at such game as elephants, which offer such a small vital shot to aim at.



CHAPTER II.

MEDICINES AND HOW AND WHEN TO USE THEM.

As regards medicines, a powerful purgative is a great thing, especially in SOMALI LAND, for yourself and the natives. For the latter I would recommend a tiny bottle of croton oil being taken, one drop in some ghi—native butter—being the dose. Quinine in ten-grain powders should be taken night and morning if feverish. Antipyrin in ten-grain powders, should be taken every four or six hours when the head aches and the skin is hot and dry, to make you sweat. It is also good for neuralgia. The quinine should be commenced twenty-four hours after a purgative and the antipyrin have been administered. As a purgative for oneself, some Cockle's Pills can be taken at any time, followed, in the early morning, by a Seidlitz powder in three parts of a tumbler of warm water. Castor oil, eight ounces, and laudanum, two ounces, should also be carried with you.

In colic, or for the commencement of treatment in dysentery, nothing is better than two dessert spoonfuls

of the oil with thirty drops of laudanum. Collis Brown's chlorodyne is very useful in colic, and, for the matter of that, in dysentery; twenty drops in a little water three hours after the dose of oil and laudanum. In dysentery this commencement of treatment should be followed up by a liquid diet, milk, if possible, and a powder containing:

Dover's powder, gr. x. ;
Aromatic chalk powder, gr. x. ;
Subnitrate of bismuth, gr. x. ;
Quinine, gr. iii. ;

repeated every 4th or 6th hour. Any chemist will give you a packet of these powders, each one containing the above ingredients. One should, however, take a few powders, each containing twenty-five grains of ipecacuanha, and these should be used if you can halt for two or three days and lie up. A powder should be made into two or three boluses, with anything, and swallowed on an empty stomach. *Perfect* rest for four hours, without food, will allow of it being retained. It should be repeated in twelve or fourteen hours, and the first one should have been preceded by the oil and laudanum. A third ipecacuanha powder may be necessary, when the patient will be much better, if not quite well. The cure should be completed by keeping to liquid diet and two or three powders in the day, composed of the Dover's powder, aromatic chalk, bismuth, and quinine. If the symptoms are still obstinate, twelve drops of liquor hydragri perchloride in a little water may be

taken three times a day, and for this purpose one ounce of this drug should be included in the outfit. This latter is also very useful to doctor any native with chronic dysentery, as, if preceded by the oil and laudanum, and accompanied by a milk diet, the patient is often much better in twelve hours, a great thing with the native; he likes an immediate remedy, and as you may not be in his neighbourhood many hours, you leave a favourable impression, and you, or those who may follow, get assistance in obtaining sport. A syringe (Higginson's) should be taken to syringe out wounds, bites or claw marks, with some carbolic acid lotion, if, unfortunately, you or one of your party should get mauled. A life may depend on this lotion being thoroughly syringed to the bottom of a wound. Three or four ten-drachm bottles of Warburg's tincture should be taken. The dose is half a bottle, "neat," for obstinate malarial fever, which does not yield to purgatives, antipyrin and quinine. The second half of the bottle should be given in eight or twelve hours, when the patient should be free of fever.

For diarrhoea a dozen lead and opium pills should be taken, each pill weighing five grains. The dose is two pills every twelve hours. Carbolic acid lotion, made up of carbolic acid, glycerine, rectified spirit and water, of the strength of one (of acid) in two, is useful. It is much more easily mixed with water when diluted than the pure acid is, and only occupies double the space. A tablespoonful of this solution with nine of water makes the

most healing lotion for pouring into a camel's sore back that could be desired. It also keeps off the flies, which do their best to lay their eggs there and cause those frightful magotty backs, with all the attendant troubles, one hears of. The same solution of acid, glycerine, and rectified spirit, with double or treble the quantity of water used for the camels, is a good thing for one's own wounds. The carbolic acid is also important for sore backs and to douch wounds with if you should get mauled ; it would be as well to have three "eight-ounce" bottles, in case one gets broken. A long curved lancet and "probe pointed director" is a most useful thing to slit up a camel's back, to allow the "matter" to run out and prevent it "pocketing." A pot of zinc ointment and some lint are required ; spread some on lint and cover up any abrasion of the skin or blistered surface, after snipping the skin over the blister.

For coughs "Powell's Balsam of Aniseed" is the best concentrated stuff for the purpose.

For toothache a paint for the gums, composed of tincture of aconite, tincture of iodine, and oil of cloves, two drachms of each ingredient, cannot be improved on. Any chemist will understand and supply all the above.

For sunstroke, the symptoms of which are fever and then unconsciousness, you should mix a drop of croton oil in ghi, catch hold of the tongue with a towel to prevent it slipping, draw it *well* out and put the ghi with the oil on the extreme back, and let go. Put the patient in the air and shade, fan him, and loosen all his

clothes, and pour a stream of cold water on his head and nape of the neck for half-an-hour, and when he begins to come round apply friction to all his limbs, and do not leave off watching him till he has been conscious twelve hours. A bottle of "dilute sulphuric acid" should also be taken, when ten or fifteen drops will easily dissolve a ten-grain quinine powder in about half a wine glass of water, making it more pleasant to take.





CHAPTER III.

USEFUL "TIPS" AND WHERE TO GO.

In shooting in India, where soda water is not being carried, the water must always be boiled. New earthenware bowls can be bought in any village for an anna or two, and the first thing on getting into camp is to get a couple and boil four or five kettles of water, and if time allows put it through a filter. In this way ague, dysentery, enteric, and cholera germs are rendered innocuous if present. In the Salt Range the water is very dirty and rather brackish, and soda water should be carried, though in SOMALI LAND this is out of the question. The water here, though discoloured, is not organically impure, as is probably the case in the Salt Range, and a pinch of alum to a bucket of water will help to throw down this red sand that I shall describe in the Chapter on that country.

A pair of goloshes or long waterproof boots are very useful to potter about camp in wet weather, and if they get damp and will not slip on easily, burn a piece of paper inside them. If your feet are tender and liable to

blister, rub the inside of your socks with dry soap, and should a blister occur, it should be snipped with a pair of nail scissors and the fluid pressed out, but the skin is not to be removed. If you shoot in the rains in India or shortly after them, say up to the end of December, you should have a glass of sherry with five grains of quinine in it daily ; your servants also should have the same, without the sherry, but dissolved in some water, to which has been added ten or fifteen drops of "dilute sulphuric acid." Of course, an extra supply of dried alum should be taken in the wet weather and freely used, some being dusted into the hairy side of the skin as well as being frequently rubbed into the raw side. Alum can be obtained in any part of India and is known as "fitgree," but requires preparing. Take 8lbs. of lumps of alum, place it in a large dechie over a slow fire for six or eight hours ; at first it bubbles and becomes syrupy, and then it becomes white like sugar on a wedding cake, and this easily powders down into a very fine powder. Two hundred large-headed nails should be taken for pegging out skins, forty to fifty being used to peg a tiger skin out well.

Sitting up over "kills" sounds a very certain and exciting method of shooting tigers. Exciting it certainly is, but by no means a sure method of securing the beast. I have sat up over dozens of "kills" and never seen the tiger come out and show himself before dark. I have often heard them purring and sneezing close by, but they do not come up until it is quite dark, or while the

moon is shining brightly. This brings me to the "jhoola" or sack, with two rope-ends projecting from each corner for tying it into a tree, hammock fashion. It is made for about Rs. 4, and is an ordinary sack, the mouth of which is stitched up ; two pieces of rope, each eight yards long, are laid together over one end of the sack, this edge is turned over for a couple of inches and the rope is securely sewn in ; the same is done with the other end of the sack with two more ropes. We now have two rope-ends projecting from each corner of the sack. It is no weight for a coolie, who can swarm up a tree with it under his arm. It can be slung almost anywhere, as some branch or branches are sure to be available ; there is no noise or delay in putting it up, and you sink into it, so that you cannot fall out even if you do go to sleep. Never, under any pretence whatever, have a man in the tree with you or nearer than 500 yards. He is sure to cough or move at a critical moment, and besides the native smells, even to the human nasal organ, and much more so to the sensitive animal one. Of course the "jhoola" is of great use in "beating" in India, as it is quickly put up and taken down, and you cannot get a firm, steady shot when sitting on a hard branch, clinging on with your toes only.

In most Indian villages in the jungle you can buy fowls, eggs and milk, and your servants can buy their food ; but when shooting in the Himalayas, it is customary to give from two to four annas a day extra pay to

the personal servants you bring up from the plains, for wear and tear of shoe leather and the dearness of food at these elevated spots. They will probably want a blanket and single fly tent, which is useful to keep your kit dry if it rains, or to peg a skin out in, as at these high altitudes, the weather is as uncertain as in our climate at home. In these hill trips, and even in the plains, it is just as well to write to the Deputy Commissioner of the district, telling him of your intended trip, stating that you will be happy to conform to any of his wishes, and asking him to kindly direct certain headmen of villages to supply you with coolies, and, of course, you must tell him the date and place, and number of coolies you require. This saves many a day's delay, which is important on a short leave. The headmen may require twenty-four or forty-eight hours' notice to procure coolies, and even then they may only be willing to go two or three marches (a march is ten miles) from their home, and unless you have ordered others in advance you may be delayed. They will often do double marches for double pay if lightly loaded; a load is 40 lbs.

In SOMALI LAND you march ten to twenty-four miles daily, as you choose to order, and there is no extra pay for double marches, your men being engaged at a monthly rate of pay. In the Himalayas a march is generally four annas per coolie, and few men will do with less than twelve or thirteen coolies; any special march over snow passes is six annas and the headman of

a village who collects the coolies gets half an anna per head from you for his trouble. On the plains the coolies "beat" for two annas a day and boys one anna, and you use bullock carts or mules for the baggage, but when you only use two or three coolies for "stalking" purposes they expect four annas daily. If you contemplate shooting in the Himalayas, you should spend a month with a first-class dentist and have every tooth put right. The cold is sometimes intense, and driving, cutting winds and snowstorms are not infrequent and seldom fail in finding out this weak point if present. There is a point about your hose worth remembering. Don't think to use up your old socks and throw them away. If they are much darned, you will probably get abrasions about your feet during your daily twenty-mile perambulation. The fine sand and dust gets in somewhere, and one should dust one's feet at least every evening carefully when water cannot be spared for washing; but this is only likely to happen in Africa. For blistered feet, snip the raised skin to let out the fluid, but do not remove the old skin; only cover it over with a small piece of lint spread with zinc ointment.

In buying ponies, if for use while shooting, as they are when tracking lions, white ones should be avoided as they show up much more distinctly in the bushes than those of dark colour, and there is also a very unpleasant glare off their backs from the sun, though this is not so noticeable when riding as driving. A pair or two of green spectacles are necessary when shooting or march-

ing in the snow, and your servants should be given a pair; otherwise, more or less, snow blindness will be the result, which will cause trouble the two or three days it lasts. Of course, you need not take up any for your coolies. These spectacles are also of use in the plains, as a long ride in the middle of the day is greatly relieved by the intermittent use of them.

When shooting at rhino, or indeed any animal, it is necessary to keep absolutely quiet and out of sight, if possible, after the shot, for in the case of the rhino, and female elephant also, you will thus avoid a charge probably; and, in the case of stags, &c., you will often get another chance while the animals are making up their minds where the danger comes from.

Yet still another "tip;" when tracking bison, look out that he has not returned on his own trail and nipped into the bushes half a dozen yards to right or left, to charge you as you go by on his track.

But I hear my reader say, how do you find out where to go and get conveyance for your kit and self? I answer the first question by, shikar talk at mess, the club, and asking questions and making notes: the latter by a civil letter to either a slight acquaintance or to the station master, putting in a stamped addressed envelope. I tell him just what I want; so many coolies, or mules, or a bullock cart, at such a date, to meet my servant,—who, by the way, must neither be a fool nor a knave—to take my kit on; and a seat in the post cart, or a whole post chaise, or palka for myself, on such a date, with a

change of horses or coolies, as the case may be, at certain stages. Then your servant, whom you should make repeat over to you in his own words what he understands he has to do, again tells all the people on his way out that a "burra sahib"—big gentleman—is coming and tells them the arrangements, and looks out for a shikari—native hunter—for you, or, at least, some coolie who knows the country and has a certain amount of common sense ; or perhaps your friend or the station master has sent to tell one to join your kit. I have nearly always found everyone most civil and obliging in helping one, and here let me take the opportunity of again thanking them one and all.

In shooting in the plains of INDIA, there is an advantage in choosing the Central Provinces for your leave instead of the Terai, and it is because in the former place it is not necessary to have elephants, and in the latter it is on account of the length of the grass and density of the jungle. Of course, in the Central Provinces, if you can get one elephant, it is of use in following up a wounded tiger or leopard, but it is not absolutely necessary as you can beat again with a chance of someone seeing the beast, and if you do "walk him up" the jungle is not so dense as in the Terai.

A few words on where to go and the time of year may not be out of place. March is a bad month in the Central Provinces as regards getting coolies to carry your kit or to beat, as they are all working at their crops. But if you have, as I advise, four or five

baggage mules with you, you can generally get two or three men to show you round for stalking. These baggage mules are very satisfactory. You can hire them from the Commissariat Department for four annas a day each, food included, with one man to three or four mules in charge. The man is given money to buy the food at each village. It is not much use going into the Central Provinces before the 15th December at the earliest. The jungle is still thick after the rainy season, and the leaves are on the trees; besides your servants will as likely as not get dysentery, though if you give them a tent they may escape. The dew is very heavy at this time of year, and the jungle very wet till 9 or 10 a.m. Later in the season—April, May and June—when the streams dry up, and only leave pools about, the animals are more localized, and as June is approached the grass dies down or gets burnt and the leaves fall off, and, though in this way the jungle is perfection for tiger shooting, the heat is intense, and sambhur and swamp deer have cast their horns. This occurs, I am of opinion, every year about the first and second week in March in the case of these particular animals. Cheetal are, however, in hard horn, and I have seen them so in January, March, June and July; and also in “velvet” in January and June. Hence I think they must shed their horns every 2nd or 3rd year of *their life*, or, if every year, then the time of shedding does not depend on the season of year, but on the age of the animal.

Towards the end of June the rains break, and the

“game” to my mind is not “worth the candle.” The Railway Stations in the Central Provinces you had best make a start from are Etarsie, Jubbulpore, Saugor, and Pachmarie, though this latter is a well known *hill* station, a short distance by mail cart above a small railway station on the G.I.P. Railway, the name of which I forget. It is necessary either to send a servant, or, better still, get a friend to make arrangements for you, or for you to go there yourself, but this latter means a loss of five or six days, as, though you may get hold of a good shikari and decide where to go in 48 hours, you will want to send your servants and kit on three or four days ahead of you, as your kit, of a necessity, travels slowly, and then drive out in the “tongas” you can hire in the bazaars, or ride out on ponies, the owner having sent on, with your kit, a change of ponies to be left every eight or ten miles. For Kashmir and Astor, you should reach Sirinagar, the capital of Kashmir, by the 15th April, or if you are going to try your luck in Spiti, Lahoul, or Ladâk, you should reach Pathankote railway station about the 20th April. Having written ahead to the station master for baggage mules and your palka, and to the headman of the village of Sultanpur, Kulu, for coolies to be at Minali, beyond which your mules, at this time of year, cannot go, you despatch your kit and servants a week in advance to march the seventy-two miles to Palampur, to which place you are run by relays of coolies, in a palka, in twenty-three hours from Pathan-

kote station, and you then march on with your kit twenty miles daily. There is a bungalow every ten miles, with a cook, plates, cutlery, &c., and generally eggs, fowls, and milk available. It is wise about a month before you start to write to the Assistant Commissioner, Kulu Valley, Sultanpur, for the printed instructions about coolies and supplies. He is spoken of by the coolies as the "Sstunt Sahib," which is worth remembering, as it puzzled me considerably to know who they spoke about.

At Minali, some 140 miles from Palampur, you can go to the left, up the Solung Nala, which is the origin of the Beas River, and noted for its red bear, musk deer, and an occasional black bear; or, you can keep to the right and cross the Rotung Pass, covered with snow, to Koksar rest house, where there is no cook, or plates, &c., but only a man with a large store of firewood. Thirty-two miles to the left of this place is Kailung, where there is a bungalow again, and in the neighbourhood some most obliging German Missionaries, to whom you should write for help in getting coolies ready. Seven days' march on, you cross the Bara Lacha Pass into Lahoul and Ladâk, for Ibex Bürhel, &c. "Harking back" to Koksar rest house again, you can, instead of turning to the left, go straight on six or eight miles to a village inhabited in the summer months and known as "Old Koksar," round which there are generally a few ibex; or, to the right of Koksar is Spiti, five days' march off, and for these five days, fuel must be carried.

For Oorial (the wild sheep) the Salt Range is a good place. It is best to train to Jhelum and drop down the stream a day's journey, 22 miles, in a couple of boats. I forget the name of the place, but there is a small shed, with a room or two, on the right bank ; coolies can here be obtained, and you then dip five or six miles into the range and come out again seven miles lower down the river, where there are a good bungalow and cook, &c. From here you can march seven miles to a railway station, the name of which, I regret to say, I also forget, from which you can get to Lahore in about eight hours. November to April is about the best time to go. I was away once on this trip eight days, got five good rams, one small one, and missed two good heads. The same period of the year suits for the Sheik Budin Hill for markhor. For this place, one trains from Lahore, twenty-two and a-half hours, to Buckha ; arriving at 8 a.m., breakfast at a good bungalow outside the station, and having sent your kit and servant a week or ten days ahead of you and booked a seat in the mail cart, which leaves about 8.30 a.m., you drive ninety-five miles by 8 p.m. to the foot of the hill, passing Dera Ismail Khan Garrison Mess about half-way, where you can get some lunch, or, if you do not know anyone here, there is a good bungalow, and you can tell the driver to wait. Your servant will have taken your kit in a bullock cart to the foot of the hill, engaged a shikari and coolies, and marched five miles up, and pitched your camp, whence you must follow before you

can feed and sleep. Six days' shooting and two days for the return journey make up the ten days' "district leave;" of course you may be lucky and slip away a day or two before and come back a day or two later, and so be able to make twelve or thirteen days of it, but I never could. This ten days (about thirty for my kit and servant), cost me I remember just Rs. 130, which is dirt cheap, considering the distance, and I got four markhor.

For bara-singh (twelve-point stags) in Kashmir, I should have mentioned that about six weeks' leave is required, so as to reach Sirinagar on the 10th October, being about the best time, and you may get three good heads. Try Gurais, and the Phoolweine nullahs. You are not likely to meet other beasts. Write to Sobrmullich, Shikari, Erin, near Bundipur and Sirinagar. For black buck and chinkara, if you are in the Punjab, you cannot do better than go by rail from Ferozepore to Bathinda for the Bikaunir Desert. Write to Suba, Shikari, Bathinda, to arrange everything. He should send your kit off on baggage camels two days before you, and have a riding camel for himself and you, on which you should have a blanket, pillow, and some food, as you will have to sleep in a gateway for six hours the first night out, and you had better try to get a few practice rides before you leave your station.

If you are near Mussoorie, march ten days to Nilang, and a month spent beyond this point should yield four or five burrell at least. There is a good bison ground

eighty miles by road from Jubbulpore, via Mandla, called Zongri, and another near Kumachirà, on the Kuti-Nagpore railway, but they are very unhealthy till towards the end of April. If you want to try your hand at polar bear, walrus, seal and reindeer, you should go to Spitzbergen for July and August, writing to G. V. Turnbull & Co., 44, Constitution Street, Leith, to know what arrangements they can make for you for this trip.





CHAPTER IV.

SKINNING AND THE PRESERVATION OF SPECIMENS.

A word on “pegging out” and curing skins may be of use, inasmuch as I am often asked the best method. First, a straight incision is made along the chest and belly, from the chin to the tip of his tail, then lateral incisions from the point of the breast bone to mid-way through the whitish hair on the insides of the forearms, following the edge of hair round the feet and toes, leaving the claws in the skin only, and cutting away the bones in the toes and the “pads;” treat the hind legs in a similar manner, your incision commencing about 1 inch behind and not in front of the testicles. In the tiger, the testicles are so far back that the incision must begin about two inches in front of them. Remove the skin and clean *every bit* of flesh and fat off, especially the lips, eyelids, nostrils, and ears. The ears must be turned *entirely* inside out and the cartilages cut away. About these four places now make numerous little

parallel incisions close together, but, of course, not right through the whole thickness of the skin. Rub in alum three or four times a day, and you will not have that frequent "sliding off" of hair which disfigures specimens so much.

To "peg out" a skin, lay the hairy side downwards, *in the shade*, unless you desire the hair to come out a few months after your taxidermist presents it to you. Gently stretch it between two or three nails in the head and tail, and then "peg out" the legs, having a man opposite you, and for every nail you put in, let him draw the corresponding limb or tag of skin, exactly at the same angle and put in a nail. In this way you get a symmetrical skin back from your taxidermist.

The head skin, nose and ears, are stuffed tight, inside out, with dry grass, and a plentiful supply of wood ashes from the camp fire is thoroughly rubbed in everywhere and left on an hour or two, then swept off and a fresh lot applied, and then, after this second lot has been swept off, if you are in a hurry to move camp, rub in your dried alum and leave it on an hour or so, but if in dry weather and you are not marching, stick to wood ashes, except perhaps about the lips, nose, and ears, which require careful and somewhat rapid drying.



CHAPTER V.

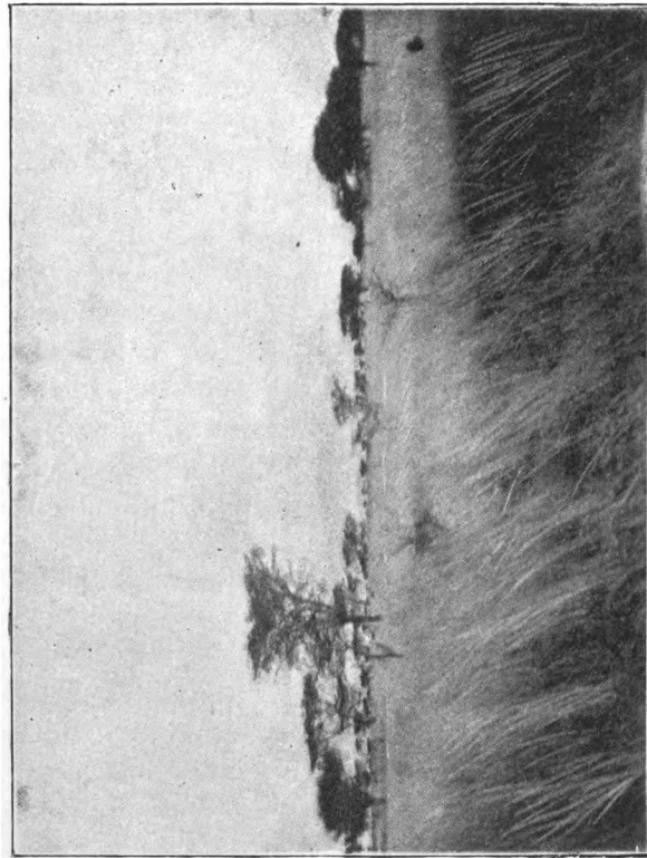
HOW TO GET TO SOMALI LAND; WHAT TO TAKE, AND HOW TO MANAGE WHEN THERE.

You must begin to make your arrangements about three months before leaving Aden. Your leave should not be less than three months from Bombay, or better still, four or six months. With either of these latter periods you ought to make fairly certain of elephants, rhinoceros and lions, but with three months you must go for either lions and rhino, or lions and elephants, but not much of the lion. On three months, too, you must have your arrangements made so as to save time on the coast, and the Peninsular and Oriental boats between Bombay and Aden must fit in, and your party must be prepared to pay Rs. 300, in addition to the ordinary fare, for the steamer from Aden to Berbera, to go direct to the latter port, taking twenty-three hours, instead of going round to Perim, Zaila, and Bulhar first and taking three-and-a-half days. To begin with you must address an official letter to the Political Agent, SOMALI COAST, Aden,

asking permission to visit the country, and, on getting leave, you should write officially to the Inspector-General of Ordnance, Army Head Quarters, Simla, requesting permission to obtain, as a loan on payment, from the Aden arsenal, so many Snider carbines, about six per Sahib, with thirty rounds of ammunition per carbine. These are to arm your camel men and cook. If you are in England, I should think your best plan would be to address a letter to each of these gentlemen, under a covering letter to the Under Secretary of State for India, Whitehall, requesting him to kindly "forward and recommend" them, but you must not expect to receive the reply under two months. You should endeavour to get a letter of introduction to the Political Agent of SOMALI COAST, Aden, and also one to the Political Resident, Berbera, SOMALI COAST, via Aden. Write to these gentlemen, telling them of your proposed trip and dates, and roughly what time you have at your disposal, and the direction you propose going in, though this must depend on parties already there shooting. From the Political Agent, Aden, you must ask for letters of guarantee to Abyssinian and Somali chiefs, with copies in English; and you must ask the Political Resident, Berbera, if he can spare some reliable person to buy camels, &c., for you, or at least to order them into Berbera from their grazing grounds (*see Plate 4*), which may be fifty or sixty miles off, by the date of your arrival, so that you are not delayed more than necessary. If he should be able to

do so, then, on receipt of his reply, you will send him a list of what you want, and the first half of a note for Rs. 1,000. If you are not fortunate in having letters of introduction, then Mahomed Hindi, Merchant, Berbera, and Cowasjee Dinshaw Bros., Merchants, Aden, must be written to, the former to buy and order your camels, &c., and the latter to bank your Rs. 1,000. The latter should also inform Mahomed Hindi that they hold cash to be drawn on. They can then work together, but, of course, you may expect your camels to come to Rs. 10 apiece more than if you had a friend helping you. You need not expect to get a reply for three or four weeks, even to Bombay, as the steamers from Aden to Berbera only go about once a week, and at irregular dates, when they have a cargo in fact. Moreover, the Resident will not have time to answer your letter while the steamer lies in his port, and it will be a week before it is back again, and on the reply reaching Aden, the mail to India may have just left, and there may be no other for a week. It is very necessary to give a month's notice about your camels, as they may be eight or nine days' march off, grazing, and only brought in by the owners when they hear of a Sahib coming to shoot. There is no telegraphic communication between Aden and the Somali Coast. You should ask that no camels may be chosen for you that have ever had the least suspicion of a sore back. Their price is, or should be, Rs. 35 to Rs. 40, but it is better to have good ones even if you go to Rs. 45 for them. No one Sahib can do with less than ten. Twelve

PLATE 4.



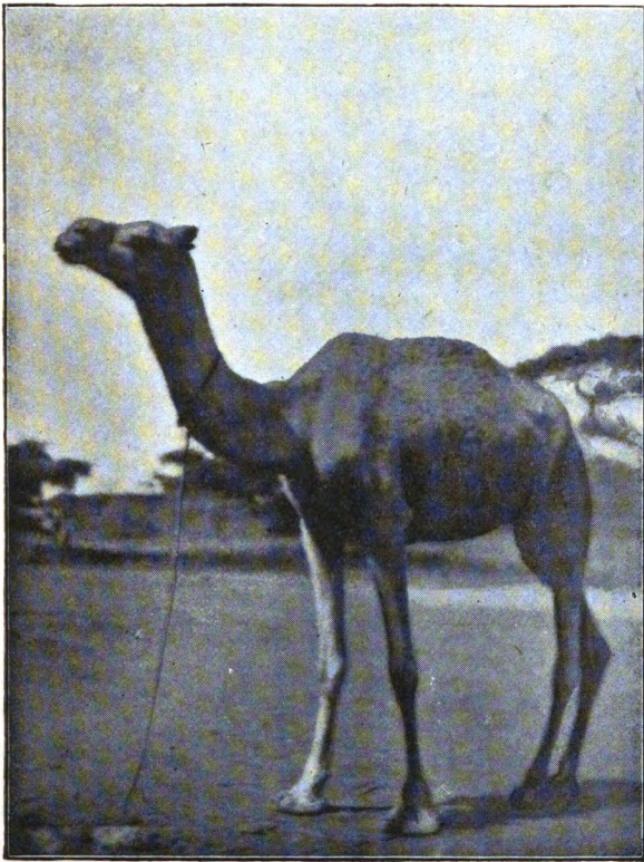
"A Type of the Country."

would be better if he wants to march rapidly (*see Plate 5*), as with ten they are fairly heavily laden ; besides, they get so worn out with a heavy load, they fetch next to nothing at auction when leaving the country, and often when you could step out and do twenty-five or thirty miles daily, your camels will not walk fast if heavily laden, and you consequently do only eighteen, or at most, twenty. Beware of fat camels. They are only fit for food and not baggage work, but an unscrupulous dealer will sometimes try and palm these off as baggage animals.

When you first write to the Resident of Berbera, you should ask him if it is advisable for you to bring water barrels from Aden, as they are much pleasanter for one's own water than "hâns," but are not always obtainable in Berbera. You certainly want four, two large and two of medium size. These make one good camel load when full. If you hear there are no barrels in Berbera, you must order them in Aden from Cowasjee Dinshaw Bros., Merchants, Aden, who own the steamer you cross in, or will get you a passage in some other merchant's steamer. But do not get your groceries from them, take them from Bombay. The fare from Aden to Berbera is Rs. 25 a head, to take you via Perim, Zaila, and Bulhar, to Berbera, three and a-half days, and two annas a package, large or small. You want your own bedding, but a bedstead is provided for you on deck, and in a small cabin are plates, cups, &c., and you pay the captain of the steamer about Rs. 4 a day for your food.

Water barrels are about Rs. 4 to Rs. 6 each, and hâns about the same, according to size. Both these and dechies sell well at auction. Hâns are conical vessels made of grass plaited together and plastered over with ghi (lard). They can always be bought in Berbera. The men's water is carried in them. Two large and two medium size hâns, when full, go to a camel load. These would be sufficient for two men, a pony, and a donkey for about five days, which is the longest time you will be away from water when marching. When in camp, you constantly send off two or three camels for this necessary article, for, strangely enough, the best shooting is forty or fifty miles away from water. Of course, you can go in the rains and find water everywhere, and as the animals wander about much more then, you may meet elephants on rhino ground or *vice versa*. But I do not think the "game" good enough, as, apart from the unpleasantness, you are so liable not to get your skins dry, and then away slips the hair round the lips, nose, eyes, and ears, and spoils your trophy. The rainy season is from the middle of March to the middle of June. During the month or six weeks prior to the rains there is so little fodder for your animals that they get very weak and cannot march far and often, and when a Somali camel, pony, or donkey, is really tired, he will sit down and nothing will move him. The months from July to October are pretty hot, so my own idea is that from early in October to the end of February or March is about the best time in the country.

PLATE 5.



"A Somali Camel."

Engage your berths fairly early in the Peninsular and Oriental and book them six weeks ahead for the return journey from Aden ; also see that all your cartridges are in one box for the magazine on board, as for every case, large or small, you put in the magazine, you are charged Rs. 10. A revolver should be taken and worn on any march if you are not carrying a rifle.

The ponies on the coast are, at the best, very bad and very dear ; Rs. 150 will have to be paid for even a passable one, and you will want two, one for yourself and one for your shikari for the day. You start off from Berbera. Your caravan will move at day-break, and you follow at 2 p.m., to gallop after them, your shikari showing you the way.

Besides, the ponies come in useful when tracking lions for your syce (groom) and second shikari to gallop after the brutes when they jump up from the bushes they have been sleeping under. (*See Plate 6*).

You might buy a third pony inland and get a much better one for about Rs. 200, or hire.

A three months' trip from Bombay and back, 2nd class Peninsular and Oriental, costs about Rs. 2,000, and this includes your groceries, but not cartridges, tents, &c. It is quite safe for one Sahib to go alone, but he will not be allowed to proceed unless with his own weapons. With Snider carbines he can arm every man in his party. The payment for the loan of the Snider carbines may be nothing, or a very small sum only for repairs.

In considering what things to take, it will save a lot

of trouble if one calculates the weight for each box, or half-camel load. If you count up the number of days you are likely to be in the country, and make a list of groceries required, and allow 1½lbs. of white English flour daily—as your cook will be sure to help himself—then go on with tea, sugar, cocoa and milk, tinned jams, fish, milk and butter. Of this last I recommend the Copenhagen brand sold at the Army and Navy Stores, Bombay; and as you will get little or no fat on the beasts you kill, you get a great craving for butter, and will get through a tin or a tin and a half per week, per Sahib. The flour is best taken in 7lb. tins. A good plan is to take four or five half-sheets of foolscap, number them I., II., III., &c., divide up your totals of stuff, so that you have flour in all, tea in all, whiskey in all, &c., &c.; allowing say 12 or 15lbs. for the weight of the case. The contents must not bring each one to more than 140lbs., which is the maximum *half* camel load for a good Somali camel.

In No. 1 box, have three or four good axes for cutting down thorned trees and branches for making zerebas, and they come in well as presents at the end of the trip (axes bought in Berbera are practically useless). One might take half-a-dozen sixpenny looking-glasses to give to the women in the interior, and in Berbera buy some native beads. Have about fifteen holes for screws put in the covers of the boxes, but only eight or ten screws, so that when holes get big you have the others to fall back on. In this way your covers do not smash up

PLATE 6.

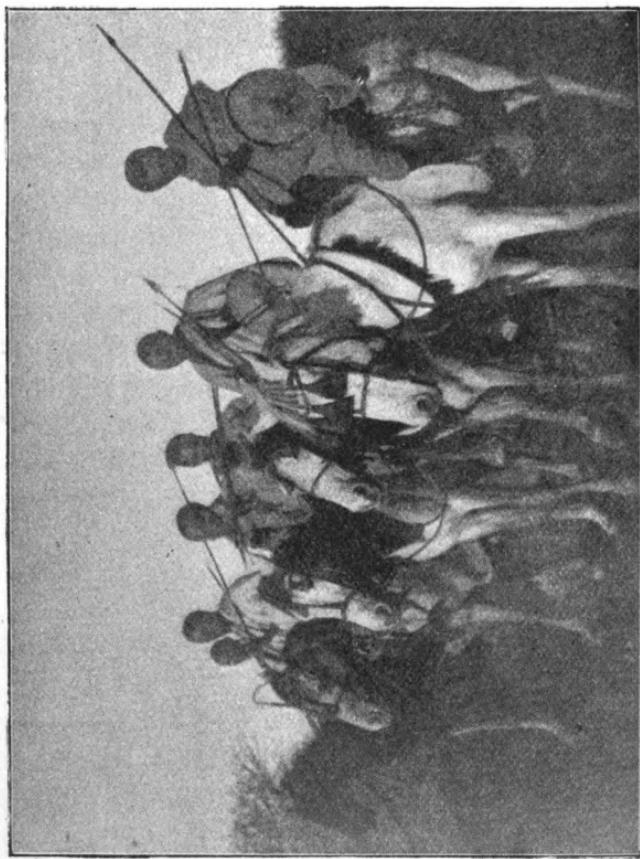


"An Inland Hired Somali Horseman as Galloper after Lions."

as they would if nailed and opened daily. The lists should be sent to the Stores with instructions and a duplicate retained for oneself, which is of use if one wants to find anything. Of course each box should bear the corresponding number on its list. A couple of nail brushes for brushing your charcoal filters when dry, are necessary. The water is full of fine, red, slimy sand. After jolting in the water barrels on a march, it takes about three hours to settle down, even if run through a couple of towels first and is the colour of *café au lait* at best. The consequence is, your filter quickly gets clogged; as you cannot often afford to wait three hours for a drink, and you want six filters per Sahib for comfort, so that three are drying and three dripping—slowly—owing to the “clogging.” The ordinary charcoal block with india-rubber tube, known as “The Tommy Atkins filter” is as good as any, and very light and portable. The tin box they are sold in is best discarded, as it bends and cracks the indiarubber tube. A clean towel or bag is best set aside for them. A big pinch of alum to about a gallon of water helps to precipitate the sand somewhat. Spices for your cook are worth getting in No. 1 box, such as ginger, cloves, and cinnamon. They go a long way towards making a first-rate stew. Tinned bacon from the Stores, of which a liberal supply should be taken, goes first-rate with guinea fowl. Onions and potatoes you can get in Berbera. We took two bottles of lime juice and wished we had half-a-dozen. It goes first-rate with water after a march. Your shot

cartridges should be loaded with No. 3 or No. 4 shot for guinea fowl, the big partridge, bustard, and dik-dik. The latter is a beautiful little black and white speckled antelope, not as big as a hare. There are also small brown guinea fowl, small partridge, and two or three kinds of bustard. You should take any old saddle and snaffle bridle for yourself, no martingale ; and you will get a native saddle and bridle on the coast for your shikari's pony for about Rs. 5. A large copper dechie (cooking pot) newly tinned, for cooking your men's rice in, is absolutely necessary. About ten men can cook together in one big pot. You will know when sending the list of things to be bought with your Rs. 1,000 note how many days you will be in the country. Counting for ten men say, *i.e.*, six camel men, one cook, two shikaries, and share of headman to your party, you know how much food to order, as each man gets one pound of rice, half pound of dates, and two ounces of ghi daily. Ghi is sold in big tins, and all these things are obtained in Berbera. Then you should allow for engaging a local man for four or five days once or twice, as you must feed him, as well as, perhaps, six horsemen for ten or fourteen days in elephant country to help "ringing" elephants. Now, however, as you are only allowed to shoot two bulls, you do not want to spend any length (*see Plate 7*) of time going after them. Half a sack of native tobacco should be bought in Berbera, and a "pinch" all round should be given occasionally to make your men happy. The camel saddles are another thing ; they are simply three large

PLATE 7.



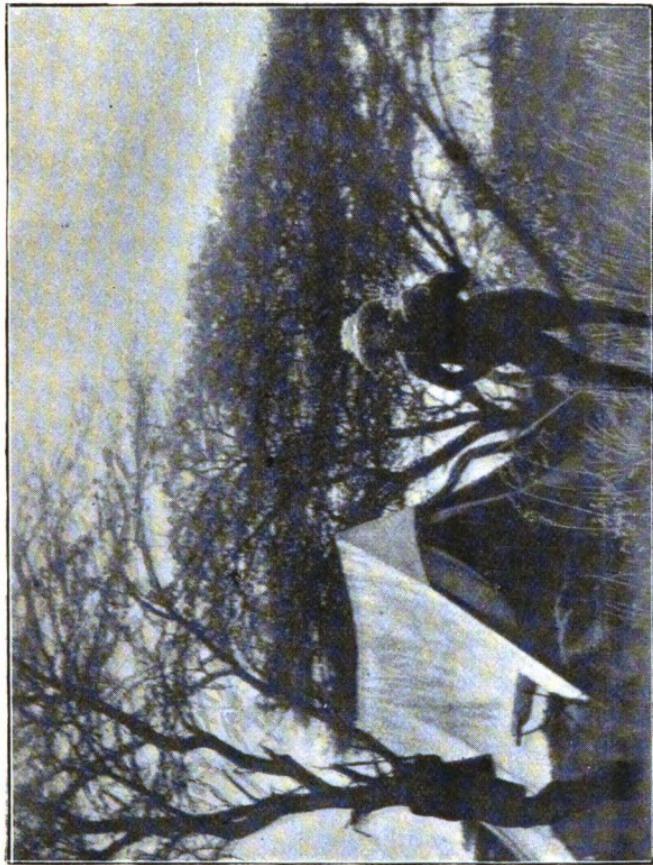
"Our Ponies and Horsemen for 'Ringing' Elephants."

grass mats fastened on by ropes. Two form a very fair carpet for your tent, or to step out on from your bath. Take just double the amount of rope you require at the start. It is most useful, and half-a-dozen good big sacks—also to be got at Berbera—are *very* useful for skulls, horns, tins of ghi, &c., &c. Take a pair of spurs, for Somali ponies are sometimes lazy. The “Jhoola” is of no use in this country. Three or four enamelled ware jugs are useful, as you want to decant off the water through a towel from the barrels into something large enough to take the filter, and again you want a vessel for the clean water to drip into, so that these, and a couple of big vulcanite water bottles are useful to carry any filtered water you may have, from one camp to another. It may be well to take two or three donkeys for tying out for lions. They cost about Rs. 6 in Berbera, and you will have to pay quite that from any “wandering tribe” you may meet in the interior ; but be sure they are good and *can march* twenty miles daily. I did not take any dogs, but I am inclined to think, if money were no object, I would take four or five half-bred big savage brutes, to let slip after lions, probably one would lose one or two till they learned not to “run in.” You would not want much dog biscuit, as there are always heaps of meat in camp. Of general kit you want much the same as in India ; especially the cotton soled boots, with the “tongue” well stitched up, to keep out the sand. A double back to one’s coat and a pith sun hat or helmet are also essential. I have not

mentioned the advisability of taking some fireworks. Eight or ten rockets and their sticks should be procured in Bombay, and some crackers. The former are for your headman—who should have a watch—to send up at a certain hour, say 8 p.m., if you are not in, and to send up another an hour later, to show where camp is. The crackers are for scaring lions, when known to be hiding in thick patches of grass, and making them bolt to the far side, where the “gun” has previously been stationed. A pair of scissors suitable for hair cutting is a useful item. All this may seem to the ordinary reader too much detail; but every subject here touched on presented itself to me; and I, in order to keep down the weight of my kit, which was mounting up most appallingly, had to ascertain from friends, or use my own judgment; and now I give all this, plus my own experiences. Can I do with a *single* fly tent? Do I want two, three, or four axes? About how many cartridges do I want? and so on. Such were the constant questions that were continually cropping up to be decided. And now let me at once say that you cannot do with a single fly tent. You must have a double one, as the trees are so small that you can seldom get one high enough to put a tent underneath. (*See Plate 8*).

As regards *shot* cartridges, 200 would be enough for two months in the country, and an average of ten rifle cartridges—five for the .450, and five for the .577—a day. For the eight or ten bore, twenty-five or thirty should be sufficient for a trip of the same duration.

PLATE 8.



"A VERY Shady Spot for Camp."

Oryx lions and big koodoo require the .577 as a rule ; the other antelope the .450, and the ostrich either, for choice the former. Rhino and elephants want the ten bore at the stalk, to be followed up by running shots with the .577. If you floor an elephant, "give him another," for if you have not touched his brain, he will only be stunned and will get up presently and go away, which is annoying to say the least of it. In shooting lesser koodoo, remember that once they start off with their peculiar grunt, it is no use waiting for them to stop a moment to look round like so many antelope do. They never stop till they are well clear of you ; hence one must take a snap shot always. It is advisable to take eight or ten tins of *meat*, such as "Army and Navy rations" or "roast mutton," in case you are in a place where you do not want reports of a rifle to be too much heard, as on elephant ground. Another time, I should take three or four small wooden bird cages, and a big sieve for catching them. There are really some very handsome birds about in some places, together with some curious specimens ; to wit, a magpie-looking one, which "bahs" exactly like a sheep. The beak of this bird is often found on the person of a Somali native hunter, attached often to his quiver of poisoned arrows. He will tell you "it keeps off the eye of the evil one." The little "Tente d'abri" is useful if you want to rush off with one camel to follow up elephant tracks. It keeps the dew off one at night. Then the single fly, mentioned in a former chapter, which your servants would use to

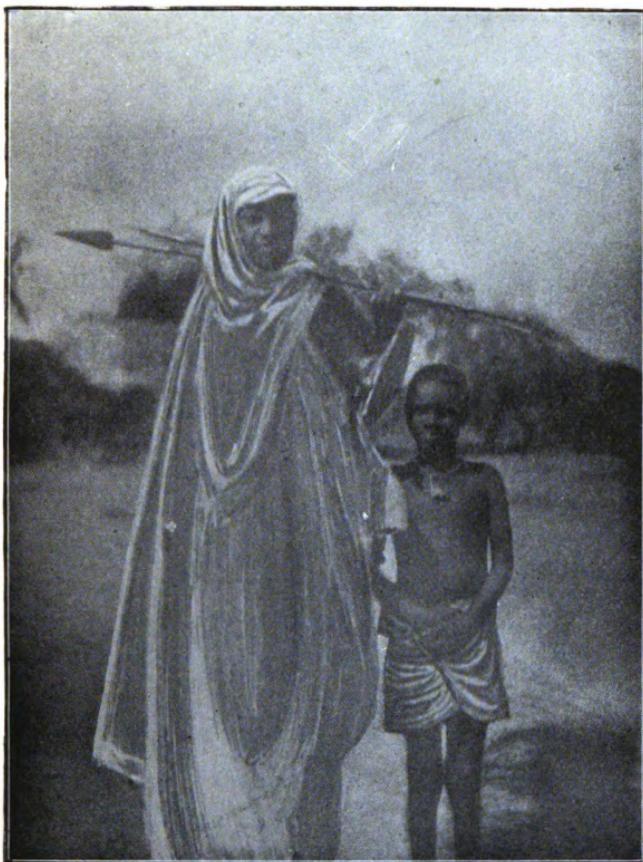
sleep in, in INDIA, comes in very handy for “pegging out” skins in, and is really a necessity in this country as you can get very little shade for the purpose. A couple of hog spears are worth taking, as the ground is “fair going,” and an occasional pig is seen in the “open.” Better ponies can be bought or hired from the wandering tribes when 100 or 150 miles inland, than those obtainable on the coast. Green spectacles should be taken on account of the glare, and should be worn both on a long march and from time to time during the day. A long, thick great coat is most useful ; the early mornings are bitter, but you know the day will be broiling ; you are striking camp at dawn, and have a shirt only under your “karki,” all you dare wear for the *day* ; you are shivering as your tent is rolled up and you are drinking that hot cocoa and milk. Now if you have a great coat you can hope to escape ague, dysentery and pneumonia, and can march the first mile in it, and then throw it across a camel. A most useful thing to take is a lock-up, solid leather cartridge magazine to hold 700 or 800 cartridges, as the Somali is a “nailer” at stealing them. A small bag containing your dress clothes, &c., should be taken as far as Berbera, for dining at either this place or in Aden, the Resident being most kind in entertaining us and helping us to make our arrangements. When nearing elephant country, you should look out for a wandering tribe and hire for the time—say half-a-dozen ponies and men ; they bring their own saddles and bridles ; and one requires them for “ringing” elephants. They charge Rs. 1

a day each, and you feed them ; hence you should take a few extra pounds of rice, dates, and ghi, for this purpose. You should also get made in Berbera a tin pot to hold exactly one pound of rice, a tin basin to hold half-pound dates, and a small two oz. measure, with a handle for the ghi. It saves the weight of scales, and the bother of them. Also get a couple of large tin "funnels" made ; and a couple of zinc stable buckets, to be obtained in Berbera for Rs. 1 each. With these articles, you can rapidly dip up water from the water-holes and shoot it into the barrels through the funnel. It is the custom after shooting a lion, rhino, ostrich or elephant, to give the men a fat sheep for a feed. They cost about Rs. 8 and are to be obtained from any wandering tribe you may meet ; but only allow them to kill one a day, or they will gorge themselves so that they get colic and cannot march for a couple of days. A present also of Rs. 3 to your head shikari and Rs. 2 to your second man, and Rs. 1 to your syce is the customary "douceur" on these occasions. The head shikari's monthly pay is Rs. 30 to Rs. 35 ; the second shikari, who should be of midgan caste, Rs. 25 ; syce Rs. 25 ; camel men —and one will only take charge of two camels—Rs. 20. The headman (*see Plate 9*), who doles out the rice, &c., and sees it lasts out, and who takes the orders where the caravan is to go and knows Hindi, gets Rs. 25 per month ; your cook, Rs. 30 to Rs. 35. He acts as valet and table servant, and should be brought from Aden. I think his fare is about Rs. 10 across, and he feeds himself and so do your other men till you actually start ; but it is customary

to allow them 2 annas a day for this purpose from the day you engage them to the day you start. At the end of your trip, all look for about half to one month's pay as a present, according if they have been with you two or four months inland. It is also customary to give them all Rs. 10 or Rs. 12 advance of their pay the day before leaving, to leave with their friends, or more if you are going to be away over three months. You should have a complete list of their names and have it verified, but probably the Resident will see to this for you, and put you in the way of choosing men of different tribes, so that there shall be no combination. Only two, or at the most three of any one tribe should go, and you should inform the Resident once a fortnight of your position in the country.

And now about letters and correspondence. Have them addressed to c/o Cowasjee Dinshaw Bros., Merchants, Aden, during the time you want them there, and to c/o Political Resident, Berbera, Somali Coast, opposite Aden, while you are in SOMALI LAND. Every shooting party travels due west, about 105 miles to Hergasia, for a start, except officers from Aden, who have the right to shoot within a hundred miles of the coast. These may prefer, after going thirty or forty miles, to branch off south-west to the Gang Libbah—Lion's hand—on the Golis Range, and try for big koodoo, and then go on to the Toyo plain south-west, where there are patches of grass which lions hide in, and are to be tracked into. Hence the use of crackers. Hergasia is the first permanent village, and here is a "holy man" with a blind

PLATE 9.



"Our Headman and an Orphan we found."

son, and a lock-up warehouse, and if you lend him a padlock, which must be a thin one, he will let you store anything in it. Leave Rs. 10 with him, and if you like to deposit some bags of rice or a tent, &c., it will be quite safe. Arrange with the post clerk of the Political Resident to send your packet of letters by any caravan leaving Berbera for Hergasia, to deliver them to the "holy man," and tell this "holy one" to give the man Rs. 1 for his trouble. You arrange for some distinctive mark, like X, to be put on the *packet* by the Resident's post clerk, and a sample on a piece of paper should be given to the "holy one;" or you may get a packet of letters, when you send to the "holy one," which belong to someone two hundred miles off, and they may get yours. Then you must arrange with the "holy one" that you will occasionally send two of your men, who must be armed, with a camel and a sack of horns, to exchange for a bag of rice and your letters. Or if you are able to say you will be near Jiggigga, the next permanent village 100 miles further west; or near Mill Mill, 100 miles south-west, up to a certain date, he can then send on the packet by any caravan going that way, and you can arrange with the headman of that village to receive it and to give another Rs. 1 to the bearer; and as you will constantly be despatching a couple or three camels for water, you can in this way keep up pretty fair communication. In the same manner you can send letters in; Rs. 1 being paid to the first caravan man by the "holy one" of Hergasia,

and Rs. 1 to the second caravan by the Resident's post clerk, with whom, of course, Rs. 10 should be left for that purpose. It is as well to leave Rs. 100, at Berbera and Zaila, with each of the Political Residents; then should you want to pay a man for a sheep, &c., you can give him a "chit" for the money, and he gets it, or his friends for him, on going down to the coast to trade.

It is not wise to deposit skins in the Hergasia warehouse, and even horns should be well rubbed with kerosine oil, especially at their bases, as there is a kind of weevil in Africa which attacks them. Your camels will only drink about every ten days (*see Plate 10*), and your ponies every second day, or even every third day, according to their work. Thus you can manage, by keeping your washing water for them, and the donkeys, which drink every third day, to do the one hundred miles across the Haud waterless plain to Jiggigga or Mill Mill. (*See Plate 11*).

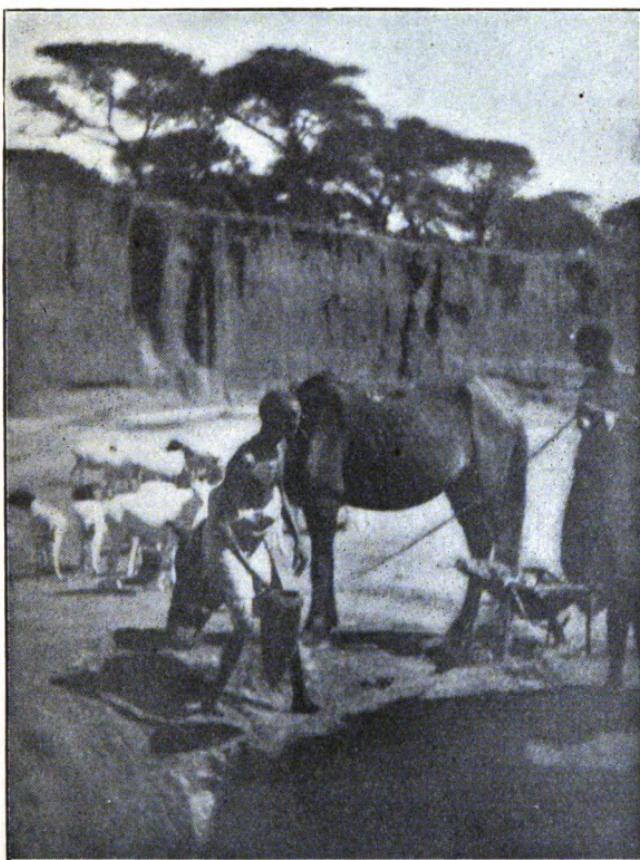
The rice is sold in sausage-shaped bags of canvas, of which five go to a camel load, and you should examine each bag before you start, as it is often weevil-eaten. Your men work hard, and are good, cheery, willing fellows as a rule, in comparison to the Indian coolie, and you should see they get fair stuff. It is necessary to take a couple of packing needles and some twine for sewing up the bags of rice, after the daily ration has been taken from them. This is most important. Also weigh your *ghi*. All this weighing should be done before your men, especially the *ghi*, so that there can be no grumbling. (There

PLATE IO.



"Watering Camels."

PLATE II.



"Fat-tailed Sheep and Pony at watering hole, before starting across the Haud waterless plain"

are big scales outside the Residency Offices.) Also see the dates are not sandy. Ten camels for each Sahib would be enough for an eight or ten weeks' trip inland ; but for three months, twelve or thirteen camels would be required. Grass should also be ordered, to carry on your water camels as far as Hergasia, for your ponies and donkeys, as these camels will only have empty water vessels during this part of the trip.

The camels will get poor grazing off the tops of the trees. It is no use taking grain for your animals, they will scarcely touch it. They prefer the grass. Beyond Hergasia the grazing is fair, and remember you must give your camels three to four hours daylight for feeding.

Hergasia can be reached in five or six days, according to whether the camels are lightly or heavily laden. This 105 miles of ground is said to be reserved for the benefit of the Aden officers, but there are only a few gazelles, unless you go some distance off the main track, as far as a *rifle* is concerned, and these are very wild. The last eight miles before reaching Hergasia, to the northward, you may get an oryx, a lesser koodoo, or a gerenook.

The method of marching is to leave at daybreak and do five or six hours, then take off the loads and saddles and let the camels graze three hours and have a big breakfast. Then saddle and pack up (which takes the best part of an hour), and march on till dusk.

In Berbera some "tobes" for presents should be bought. These are red, white, and drab loin cloths. They are

more valued than money in the interior. About one red one, three white and three drab, should be taken by each Sahib, the red one being for any very big chief you may meet. At least Rs. 400 in cash should be taken inland on a two months' trip, and a fair number of 4 and 8 anna bits; the Somali will not look at 2 annas, and seldom 4 annas; for the smallest job or for a little milk they expect 8 annas or Rs. 1. A spare bottle or two of whisky should be allowed, as at Jiggigga there is a pass across a range of hills at which a sort of custom-house Abyssinian officer takes toll of all caravans coming through from the Abyssinia capital Harar, some forty miles off, to SOMALI LAND, for the coast. He rejoices in the name of the Fiebler, and will come to pay his respects with a lot of armed niggers, and will present you with a fat-tailed sheep and some hâns of milk, but he expects the hâns returned. (*See Plate 12*). You, in return, should give him a white or red tobe and a half-bottle of whisky, and a cigar.

The day after our arrival at Jiggigga and the Fiebler's visit, another sort of Fiebler, unless it was Ras Makannun himself from Harar, came to visit us from some miles over the pass. We understood he had 1,000 soldiers under him and he had come to invite us to visit him. We regretted we had not time, and he stated he wished to extend the hand of friendship to the English, and he wished to be the same to us as he had been to Captain Swayne Sahib, who had visited him about March that year, 1893, it being November when we were there.

PLATE 12.



"The Fieftor of Jigigga and his Staff, with the Presents he brought us."

We thanked him for his visit, gave him whisky, cigars, and cloth, and parted good friends, turning south along the Jerer valley to Garho, and Kurredelli pool of water, all good rhino ground. We would also have liked to try Golweelleh, towards Mill Mill, said to be first-rate for rhino, but five to seven days from any water, but our time did not allow of this. I believe, except Captain Swayne, we were the first Europeans over this track of country.

The Somali should not be treated like Indian coolies, but more as English rustics. They are fine, cheery, plucky fellows (*see Plates 13 and 14*), and generally tell you the truth about distances and travelling, and the price of things. They have not got their own aims in view altogether, but wish you to have sport ; but of course a little discretion must be used even with them. After leaving Berbera, twenty-four miles should be covered the first day to Dera Godlah ; next about fifteen miles to Lufferoo ; and then about twenty-four miles to Argan, or Ara Arbasia, really one and the same place, then on some fifteen miles to Bumgarcon, and on past the Twin Hills into Hergasia.

At present you have been travelling due west, and now according to where the Resident has told you other parties are shooting, and by what you are told of their whereabouts by the "holy man" of Hergasia, you must choose to go northwards to the elephant valley of Hararwa, about fifty miles, or south and south-west to Mill Mill about one hundred miles across the Haud, and so on to the Webi River, and giraffe country, some three hundred miles from Hergasia ; or continue west

across the Haud one hundred miles to Jiggigga ; where a range of hills runs north and south, the far side being Abyssinian territory. I advise this latter route if the "leave" is limited to three months, and before reaching Jiggigga, by about twenty miles, to bear off south-west to Coiffrabya for lions, and on to Garho for rhino. Of course everywhere are the different kinds of antelope.

After leaving Hergasia about six miles, there is a little water, where you must fill up for five days to cross the Haud. Enquire here if there is any report of elephants in a jungle two miles north of this last water.

The next march across the Haud will show oryx and gerenook (Waller's gazelle). The former is a big slate-coloured antelope with long, straight horns, the gemsbok of South Africa ; and the latter is a shy antelope with a very long, thin neck, the head and *neck* of which look very well mounted on an oak shield. The skull and horns of this antelope are very heavy for their size. There are also lots of guinea fowl and an occasional lion track.

The next day's march, if you are doing eighteen to twenty miles daily, will produce awal (springbok) in plenty.

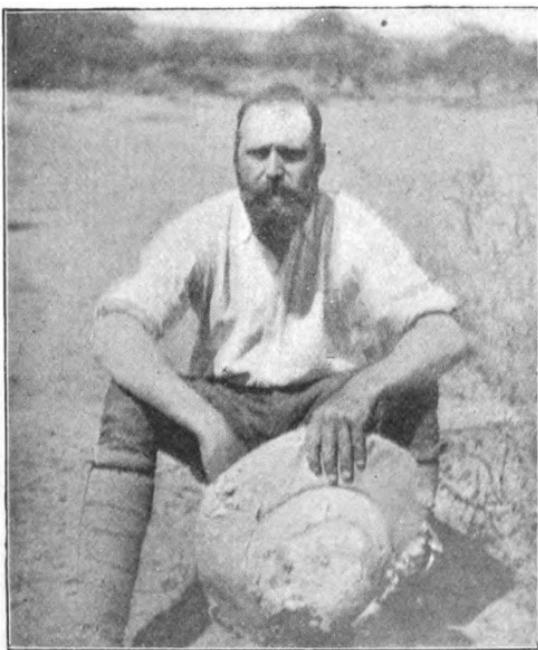
I here shot an awal (Søermmering's gazelle) with beautifully symmetrical horns, a shade over 20 in., and they are now, twenty-one months later, a good $19\frac{1}{4}$ in., whether measured over the concave or convex, having of course shrunk. This I believe is the record head, and I was fortunate in the curve of each horn being alike.

PLATE 13.



"A Typical Somali and

PLATE 14.



the Sahib when there."

On the following day look out very carefully for ostriches among the big bushes on either side of the camel track, but especially the north side. Their tracks are very plentiful here, and on ground fairly easy to stalk them.

On the following day unless you are going direct into Jiggigga, which I do not advise, if you are not very keen on hartebeest, you should bear off to your left, southwest for Coiffrebya and after ten or fifteen miles look out for lion tracks, which you should find in plenty. From here send camels to and fro to Jiggigga for water. If, however, you decide to go to Jiggigga, the hartebeest are to be found on a plain about eight miles to the north of this place ; they are very shy and not in large numbers, but do not go far from the neighbourhood of a black-looking spit of ground—really clumps of dark bushes—which will be seen coming down from the side of a low range running North and South, and which range, as I have said, marks the boundary of Abyssinia from SOMALI LAND.

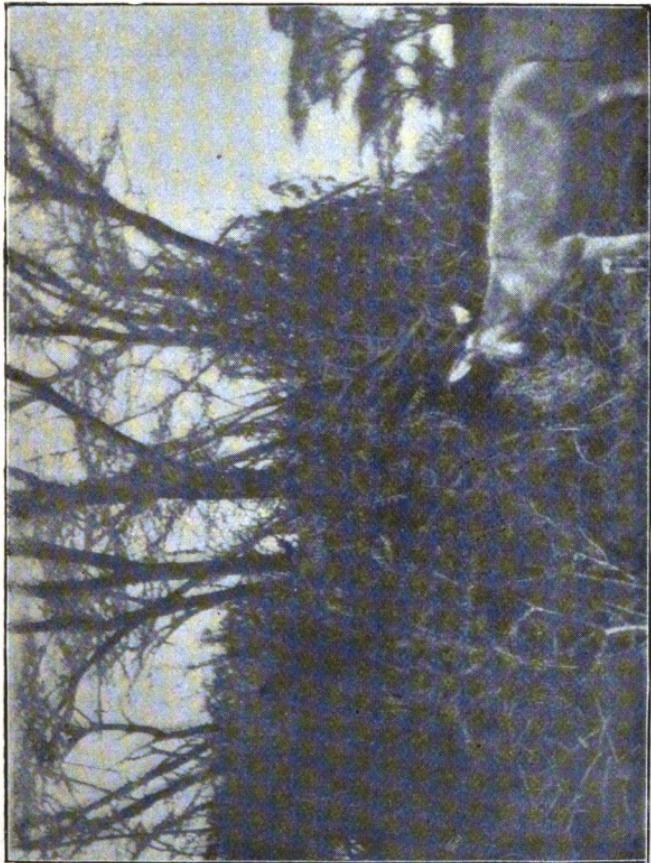
I here had the most difficult stalk I think I have ever had. I spotted the hartebeest some 600 yards out on the plain, and, making for the spit of jungle, I stalked easily through it. But I was now 600 yards off, and there was only thin grass, about a foot high, to cover me. By holding a tuft of grass in front of me, I dragged myself on my belly in two and three-quarter hours to within 100 yards of the troupe and got one. I prize that head.

This spit or promontory is a small forest jutting out into the plain, and is a favourite place for the small

spotted cheetah of the country. Should you, though, have gone for the lions you ought now to be getting some sport with them, and ask your men for a place known by the name of Coiffrebya. Lions are not frightened by a camp in a zereba. After dark they are very bold, and it is not safe to go outside, as they are attracted by the camp fires and come to the neighbourhood on the chance of getting a donkey. You may see their tracks in the morning close up to the zereba. It is not, therefore, a bad plan to choose three or four trees near, growing in somewhat of a circle, ten or twelve feet in diameter, and build a small zereba about ten feet high, cutting a couple of holes in one side, each about twelve inches long and six inches deep. In front of these a donkey is tethered by the fetlock (*see Plate 15*), and you lie down on your Wolseley valise after putting your rifle at full cock in a handy position. If the lion comes the commotion will awake you, and, in any case, you have as good a sleep as in your tent.

After a few days here you should have got together a sack or so of horns and skulls, and can despatch two men with a hân of water and their rations on a camel to the "holy man" of Hergasia to get any letters and a few bags of rice and dates and leave your sack of trophies. To the west of Coiffrebya is Kurredelli, and to the southwest Garho, about one march, and here there are lots of rhino tracks. From Garho, in a southerly direction, is Lascaroo, a deep pool of water up among the rocks. Half a mile down from it the forest commences. It is

PLATE 15.



"*A Zerpha and Bait.*"

fairly dense and rhino and oryx tracks are pretty frequent. There are a great many hyenas near this water. The oryx seem to have very fine heads about here, and there are some gerenook and lesser koodoo. A mile or so lower down in the forest are half-a-dozen conical hills dotted about. It is on the summit of these that the rhino frequently lie up for the day in the shade of the biggest tree they can find. But beware of the wind ; if anything, they are smarter with their noses than the red bear and sambhur of India.

R—— here shot a young oryx by accident. It was quite the best eating, far and away, that I know of, superior even to the Himalayan musk deer or Karkur chops. I recommend everyone to try it, as the animal is very plentiful and wary and there is no chance of it being “extinguished.” -

From this stage, it depends on your time ; if you have during your first few days got two or three lions and a rhino, you may feel disposed to hurry off for a week in the Hararwa valley, 50 miles north of Hergasia, and try for an elephant, but with three months' leave only you are not likely to finish the rhino country in time, unless you have rapid and extraordinary luck. Or you can proceed farther south ; but, except in the rainy season, there is a little difficulty about water, unless you have a large number of camels, and can every day despatch three or four for this necessary article. If you go south, however, you will come to a good place for rhino, Golwelleh, but five to seven days off any water. Our

time being short we did not go, but marched through a part called Furdah to Mulloch, where we got three or four more lions ; and then crossing our previous tracks about half way across the Haud, we tried the Kadao forest for elephants, which lies about 15 miles north of the Hergasia-Jiggigga track. Elephants not infrequently pass up here from Hararwa to feed, and you can if you have time go on to the Hararwa valley, where there is water, and either return through Hergasia to Berbera, or go round to Zaila, travelling north-east, and coming out therefore higher up the coast towards the Red Sea. But feasible as this latter seems, it is not so satisfactory and the route is not so well-known to your men, moreover, distances, tribes, and water are uncertain. The only advantage might be at Zaila, by there being a greater demand for camels, and so a better auction. The same applies to going into the country. Zaila and Bulhar are such small primitive places that you had much better start from Berbera, where you can get pretty well everything necessary for your trip. At Hergasia, on the return journey, you should give the " holy man " a white tobe, or your red one if you still have it, or both, for looking after your things ; and it is customary to have a shooting match for the men, with their carbines, giving small money prizes, such as Rs. 5, Rs. 3, and Rs. 1 for 1st, 2nd and 3rd. You must make up your mind only to get about one quarter the price you paid for your animals, but a good deal depends on their condition, and if their backs are sound.

Before leaving you should again cover your skins on both sides and your horns and skulls with kerosine oil. We took a tin from Aden, made a hole in it, cut off from the top of a 1lb. gunpowder Curtis and Harvey tin the brass screw and cap, and soldered it over the hole in the tin of oil; we therefore had a screw-cap, which made it easy to get at the oil, and we were able at the same time securely to fasten it up for a march. The carbines should be thoroughly cleaned and packed up in sacking for return to the Aden Arsenal, and you should leave with the Resident Rs. 40 or Rs. 50 for the benefit of the native hospital, which is almost solely kept up by such donations; and if you are a surgeon there will be three or four amputations for you to do. I should have mentioned that when shooting in SOMALI LAND, with your camels, &c., grazing, you should always have two men with *loaded* carbines on duty round them to guard against thieves or lions, and at night one man on duty in the same way, in the zereba. Your headman will arrange the roster.

You are seldom near any tribe's encampment, but occasionally two or three men are met in the jungle with a tame female ostrich and a donkey, dressed up like a female oryx, with horns and tail. These men sit behind a bush with their decoy, and when an ostrich or an oryx come up to see who the "intruder" is, they shoot at them with poisoned arrows, and after tracking them for ten minutes, find them dead. Your shikaries have a

wholesome distrust of these fellows, and there is no doubt if they get a chance they would drive off a camel or a pony. The poison is made by boiling down the roots of a certain plant, and looks like so much cobblers'-wax wound round the barb of the arrow. I forgot the honey-bird, too. He is a sprightly little chap, twittering away so persistently near you that you begin to notice him, when he flies on to another tree, and on your following, he goes on to another, and so on, till he remains stationary on one, which on tapping with your axe, you will find hollow, and a quantity of most excellent honey in it. It is well to eat sparingly of this at first, as one case has been reported of the honey being apparently made from poisonous flowers, but as a rule it is very good. And do not forget to throw the birdie a piece.

Certain tribes are unfriendly to other tribes ; each have their allotted country ; but sometimes a party will come beyond the proper boundary and loot camels and sheep, or the rice and dates of a caravan returning from the coast, which is bringing these articles in exchange for sheep-skins, ghi, gold dust and ivory. These parties are not adverse to capturing men and women of a hostile tribe and holding them in ransom.

One day, news was brought to our camp that the tribe of a native chief, named Uskur—who was in Berbera at the time of our arrival, and who, at the Resident's request, offered to remain with us and show us his country—was encamped in our neighbourhood, and that

PLATE 16.



"*Uskur.*"

three of their men had been captured by a hostile tribe, the ransom being two hundred head of sheep apiece. (*See Plate 16*).

A few hours later, further news arrived that six more men were captured and that during the night, presumably, the same party had broken into the zereba occupied by Uskur's tribe and driven off six camels. One of the tribe, however, awoke, gave the alarm and closed the breach in the thorn fence, when it was discovered that six of the marauders were inside, and after a scuffle, in which a woman was stabbed, they were captured. That afternoon men having come to and fro with reports, Uskur asked leave for the night to attend the ceremony of cutting the throats of the prisoners next morning. We did not interfere, as the Resident had told us not to, but only to report anything to him.

Each of these wandering tribes vary in number, but may consist of a hundred to three hundred souls ; they remain a short time in any one zereba, till their flocks eat the grass down in the neighbourhood, when they move off. The men wear a loin cloth, the end of which is sometimes thrown over the shoulders, and by some tribes over the head ; a rude hide belt and sheath with long knife round the waist ; two spears (one a small one for throwing) in the hand, and an oryx or rhino hide shield on the left arm, about the size of a dinner plate. They all wear shoes, every growing thing having thorns of one kind or another on it. They either shave their heads or grow long curls, which are black, but rendered yellow by plastering lime

on for some weeks. A leather thong is worn round the neck with a little square leather pocket containing verses from the Koran. (*See Plate 17*).

When sick, the head is shaved, a woman applies a piece of hollow stick, through which she sucks, and the swelling so raised is then incised. For pain about their joints or limbs, a bit of red hot stick from the fire is applied to five or six places round the painful spot. The women loop up the loin cloth over their breasts by a string over the shoulder, and wear a necklace of silver, or blue and white balls. The married women tie up their hair in a piece of dark blue cloth ; the maidens having long curls like the men. The children go naked. The tribe may possess over 1,000 camels and 4,000 fat-tailed sheep, which considerably help to victual our troops at Aden, about 800 sheep per week being exported from Berbera. The method of marriage is for the father to give his daughter to the highest bidder, 30 or 40 camels being about the price. This sum may be paid in yearly instalments ; but after some have been paid, the father may get a better offer, and if he takes it, as he probably would, there would be a quarrel and bloodshed between the two tribes. Any money they get they rapidly convert into sheep and camels, and with each tribe there may be a dozen ponies and half-a-dozen oxen or cows. They do not camp near water, but some ten or fifteen miles off, and once or twice a week, the women who make the hâns, go to water and bring in sufficient for the community. The men drive their flocks on that day to drink also. A hollow is made

PLATE 17.



"*Married Woman. Shaven Head. Curly Head.*"

in the sand, a sheep-skin is pressed into it, and a man standing in the water-hole close by keeps filling, hours at a time, with a grass cup, as the flocks continue drinking.

Ghi is very dear inland, except after the rains, so that when leaving Berbera, you should carefully weigh the allowance for the trip before all the men, and see that only the proper amount is daily issued. We noticed neither old men nor old women about, but could not get any satisfactory explanation as to the reason.

One day when crossing a wide, dry river-bed, just before halting a few hours for breakfast, we noticed a track in the sand, as of something broad dragged along, and leading in the direction of two or three shallow water-holes. These may be any size, from a bucket to a big barrel, and occasionally may be as much as twelve or fourteen feet deep. We followed the track and came up to a shallow hole, about two feet deep, in which lay the most horrible object of pity I have ever seen, viz., a negro woman, with positively skin only over her bony skeleton, and a small bit of tattered rag round her loins. In her hand she had a bit of a tin pot, and she was drinking from the few inches of water which filtered through the sand as fast as she scooped it up. She was not even strong enough to sit up, but told us she had been there two months, and had lived on the occasional handfuls of rice or dates passers-by gave her, and certainly not more than two or three caravans would pass her in a week. We told her we would tie her on a camel or donkey and take her to Berbera, but she would not hear of it. She

preferred to stay there with the jackals and hyenas howling round her at night, and the latter probably galloping up and down past her, trying to snap a mouthful of flesh, after their manner. The habit of the hyena accounts for the frequent wounds in the hind-quarters of the donkeys, and the habit these latter animals have at night, if approached, of kicking furiously. To return to the woman, however, we could not get out of her how she came there, but suspect she was left behind, either intentionally or unintentionally, by a caravan and lost.

After leaving Berbera you get on to high ground after marching about thirty miles, and during the greater part of your trip you are about 5,000 feet above sea level, and are about seven or eight degrees from the equator; hence the cold nights and mornings. At one of the early morning cups of cocoa on the march, R———was presented by our estimable cook with a steaming cup, and added sugar and milk, but fortunately its great heat made him bring it slowly to his lips, when he noticed a strong, pungent smell, and on investigating matters, found that curry powder, and not cocoa, was the chief ingredient of that steaming beverage.

The big bustard supply the most succulent “beef” fillets. They would compare favourably with those of our best butchers at home. A *complete* set of the feathers of the bustard, I am told, fetch £1 in the English market, for making “flies.” We did not see many snakes, only two or three. In some places flies are most troublesome, and here it is that your mosquito curtains will “come in,” at

your afternoon siesta. My syce was rather amusing at times when he tried his English on. He certainly did know a very little. In trying to describe a female animal, he would say "wife oryx, Sahib," a fox, a "foxus," a tree a "bush," and the honey-bird the "jam-bird."

One day our filters were attacked by a swarm of bees, and they absolutely would not touch the sandy water while a drop of filtered was available, but quite suddenly towards evening they all flew off, and thirty seconds after the first one made a move, there was not one left. Another day a camel broke its leg in a hole, and our men fed for two days on it, never caring to draw their rice. We noticed we had most excellent soup that week.

It is advisable to walk a good part of the marches after leaving Berbera, so as to get fit in limb and wind for any great exertion on which sport may depend, and also to get your feet hard. Your syces and shikaries must be able to ride well, so as to gallop after lions, and you should see they do not start with other than coffee-coloured clothes, as the white clothing they wear on the coast is fatally conspicuous in the bright sunlight. When starting, your camel men will ask for cartridge belts, but take away four, out of the five cartridges you have issued to them, and tell them to tie the other one up in the corner of their loin cloth. They will feel rather small, as they are proud of being armed, and will soon find a place for them.



CHAPTER VI.

ODD YARNS ON INDIAN SPORT ; SHOWING HOW TO PUT IN PRACTICE THE FOREGOING PRINCIPLES.

My first trip in the Indian forests was under the guidance of the late Colonel Maynard, chief police officer of the Baraich District, who met his death recently in Kashmir, being shot accidentally by his Ghoorka orderly, when charged by a wounded *bear*. This gentleman very kindly gave me three elephants and a couple of policemen, as guides, and sent my kit off forty-six miles into the jungle, to a forest bungalow. The next evening I was put in a palkie, told to lie down and sleep, and six men carried me six miles, when they were met by another six, and so we went about thirty miles to a small bungalow, where S——, a gentleman in the Rajah of Bhinga's service, was shooting. I had a letter of introduction, and the result was that he "put me up," and the next day we marched to Sohelwa, to which place my kit had already gone.

We were both novices, but on the way I stalked and shot a black buck, which was soon "padded," viz., fixed

up behind the elephant we were riding. We saw that the plain we were crossing led us into a *cul de sac*, about a mile long, and half-a-mile broad, dipping right into the forest, with our bungalow showing up white at the extreme end, and small herds of buck dotted about, some quite close to the forest edge, which I have not noticed since, though I have heard of a tiger being found on a very fine black buck *in the jungle*.

Our trip was not very successful. We stalked in the early morning, breakfasted about eleven a.m., and either "beat" in the forenoon, or laid up, and stalked again in the evening. One day I found a pool of water in a little dry nullah (ravine), with the fresh tracks of a leopard around it. I sent to a village near for a goat, tied her up, and lay on a huge mound of earth, about fifteen feet high, and covered with long grass, my rifle projecting at the edge. It became dark and I plastered my foresight over with chunam (chalk and water), my shikari had brought with him. An owl then alighted on my foresight, and after a rest flew off, and my chunam had disappeared. I added more, and the goat, which was only just discernible and had been bleating piteously, suddenly became quiet, its attention being riveted to some long grass. Darker and darker it became, till I could not see her. Then there was a rush, and a slight scuffle, but I could see nothing. I lay still a few minutes, slipped off the far side of the mound, and "made tracks" through the forest to the bungalow. The next morning I brought a young buffalo, as I had

seen tracks of a tiger fifty yards from the same water, and after letting him drink at the pool, tied him in the shade of the jungle, in some good grazing grass for the day, meaning to tether him near the pool that evening.

The goat had disappeared and a few marks of blood on the sand was all that remained. I wandered off on a four or five mile tramp round before returning for breakfast, and shot two neilgai—blue bull. About 3.30 p.m. I started for my pool, but my buffalo, which I had left safely at 8 a.m., fifty yards from it, was gone, and I soon found a portion of its head and feet. Tiger, by jove! thought I, to have gorged the lot, and I nipped into a huge tree and sat in a fork high up. It was nearly dark and I thought it was "all up," when on looking round the trunk, I saw a huge leopard gazing up at me from the grass, thirty yards off and a smaller one close by. My heart thumped so that I could do nothing, but after about half a dozen bumps it steadied, and I fired rather a snap-shot with the "paradox." The leopards rushed off but the next moment I knew I had hit one, for I heard him growling and rolling over and over in some dead leaves. I had ridden out on an elephant and had left him up a nullah, about half a mile off, and I now shouted to the mahout, who after a bit appeared. I got out of the tree on to the pad and, though it was nearly dark, I went off in the tracks of the leopard, but could not see or hear anything. At daybreak the next morning I was again out there, and taking up the track soon found blood on the dead leaves and followed it on, to a

narrow, dry, sandy river bed, up which they led. After going about 200 yards they turned up the bank to the right, and there, 100 yards in, lay as fine a leopard as I have ever seen, dead at the root of a tree. The shikari threw stones at him while I stood at the "present," but he never stirred. My bullet of the night before, which was a "small-hole" one, and driven by four drachms No. 6 C. and H. powder, had struck in the centre of the chest penetrating the whole length of his body and was lying under the skin by the side of the root of the tail. My elephant was shouted for, and he was soon "padded," taken home, and skinned. Not twenty minutes after the carcase had been dragged a few yards off were two bones of it to be found joined together; at least a hundred vultures swooped down at once, and two jackals I espied a couple of hundred yards off waiting to pick up a succulent rib bone.

S—— now returned from having been out to see what he had fired at the previous evening in the dark. He, also, had found blood in plenty, but after tracking two miles had lost it, and left six men to form a line and track on. We had not long finished breakfast, and were lying in our pyjamas, on the shady side of the verandah which surrounded the bungalow, when two men came running up, and said, "they had found it," a "bhurra, bhurra bagh" (a big, big tiger) lying in a nullah, with its head tucked into a recess in the shade. A "pad" had been left ready on an elephant, and pulling on our coats we were off as we were, with only slippers and

pyjamas on. We met the other men sitting near the edge of some jungle, and taking only one (the others were not loath to remain behind), to show the way, we proceeded on foot, cautiously, along the edge of the bank, which was about three feet high. S—— went first, as it was his quarry, with a double .500 express, and I followed with a six-chambered revolver. Our scout soon edged back, when suddenly he pointed excitedly, S—— fired, and back rolled a hyena, a trophy, but a frantic "sell" for us. Well, he was carried home; an old man, a professional skinner, came up from the village and skinned him and then sent word by our servant to know if he might have the meat! The request was granted without any reluctance, and the old chap went gaily off, with a piece of silver and hyena haunch over his shoulder for supper.

That evening S—— shot a sambhur and I a cheetal, but after tracking him some way it became dark. The next morning I took up the track and found him dead half a mile on, with one hind leg nearly shot off, high up. S—— had been after a rather good, solitary, black buck, which we often saw out on the plain from our bungalow. He had tried to get near him once before, but had failed, and it was the same to-day. The next morning I tried him, but he kept edging on, and 300 yards was as near as I could get. I was on his right flank and fired twice, long shots, which he did not seem to mind, but I was piqued, and he had a good head, so I followed on, four, five, six miles out on to the plain. He never joined

others and at last lay down, I being a long way behind. I let him lie for a bit and then began to crawl up, still on the right flank. At 150 yards I fired ; "flump," that pleasant sound of a .450 express bullet on the ribs of a thin-skinned animal. He had a good head but was blind in the right eye, which accounted for him being "cut" by his comrades ; a large clasp knife severed his head nearly off, and a stone soon hacked his spine through. I had a rare tramp home, rifle in one hand, the "head" in the other, and the sun by now well up, and I only with a cap on.

That day S—— shot a few jungle fowl—just like our English bantams—and I a peacock. When riding the elephant along the path in the forest I came to an open patch of grass on my right front, and saw at the far side of it what I took for a reddish trunk of a fallen tree. My "Paradox" was at full cock, when just as we had nearly passed the grass and I had my *right* shoulder square on to the object, I saw it was a tiger. In a moment my hands on the mahout's shoulders slewed him and the elephant round, but it was too late. With a whisk of his tail the tiger had gone. All the next day four elephants and eighty coolies tried to beat him up to us. We tried all round for miles, but saw nothing. That evening S—— saw a leopard near the bungalow in the edge of the forest but did not get a shot. The next day we left, and shot three buck on our way in. The following day, while passing through some jungle, I saw a few cheetal cross my front, from right to

left. I nipped off my elephant, ran forward, and in a few hundred yards came to the edge of the forest and a steep, long drop, into a wide nullah. Looking cautiously down I saw at least fifty cheetal right below, standing about and slowly crossing; a fine stag was on their left, and a "Paradox" bullet entered his rump. All the hinds ran together and stood with their heads to a common centre some seconds, while the stag went slowly up the nullah into some grass, and on into the forest and led me a nice dance. I saw Col. Maynard a few days later. He had just shot his 167th tiger and was talking about retiring and going to England, but he added, "I have never shot a *bear* and must get one first."

My next intended trip was into Kashmir for two months, from October, after bara-singh, which begin to "call" and come down about the end of that month, but cholera broke out just as all my arrangements were made. The shikaries engaged came part of the way to meet me, but I went out into cholera camp instead. Shortly after Christmas, however, Colonel Channer, V.C., gave me a note of introduction to the Adjutant of a Sikh Regiment at Jhelum, whose name I am sorry to say I forget, but not his kindness. Colonel C—— had told me this gentleman could put me on to some oorial ground in the Salt Range, on the banks of the Jhelum, and this he very kindly did, "putting me up" for the night and sending me and my baggage in two large boats a day's journey down stream, about twenty-two miles, to a sort of bungalow on the right bank. On the way I shot a goose with the

“450 Express,” at 200 yards. A deputation of headmen arrived from the village, and presented me with flowers and fruit and promises of help ; but I knew nothing of their customs or the language, and when the head one offered me a rupee in the palm of his hand, I “shook hands” with him, turning the rupee into my hand and by gestures implied I would have a hole made in it and wear it on my watch chain. That evening, thinking over the circumstance, I did not feel exactly happy, and from my bearer’s broken English, tried to glean what custom it was. I think I understood him to say, “Oh yes, that the Sahibs always took the rupees and gave them to the bearer.” I now find I ought to have touched it, and then, placing my fingers to my forehead, said, “Salaam.” The native meant it as a token of his submission to the English ; that all his, was theirs.

Well, I discharged the boats and sent for Kuckoo, a native shikari I had heard of, and we did a sort of horse-shoe shape march for seven days inland and out again to the river seven miles lower down, where there was a good bungalow with a cook. Here I ferried across and followed my kit, which I had sent on that morning seven miles across a plain to a little railway station, with six ram oorials in my possession. The story of one will supply more or less that for all.

Starting at daybreak, one, sooner or later, would descry some oorial, and the stalk commenced. On this occasion, five or six, one being a fine ram, were seen through the glasses to occupy a narrow ledge on apparently a per-

pendicular precipice. A stalk round the many low sugar-loaf shaped hillocks which abound, brought me, in time, in front of and below where I had seen my quarry, but they were gone. I then spotted them on the left side of a huge "sugar-loaf." Creeping to my right, I directed my man to slowly approach them from my left rear and drive them forward. While sitting awaiting his movements, as he had to make a circuit, I was on a ledge and heard above me a clatter. Down came the stones, two oorials just stopping short of springing right down on top of me from a height of eighteen or twenty feet. They knew of the ledge, but not that I occupied it, and turned, and with them I suppose the others. Leaving that hillock they ran along a ledge on the side of another about eighty yards off. There were four ewes, and behind them a very fine ram. The latter stopped for an instant and looked proudly back to see who dared disturb his harem. It was a fatal error for him, for a .450 bullet struck him behind the shoulder; he clung with his fore feet like a cat to the edge for some thirty seconds, and then, letting go, went down, down, turning slowly over and over, falling into a small stream, hundreds of feet below. My shikari—the most active man I ever knew—ran along this same ledge, and on, along those the ewes had taken, and gradually descended to "hullal,"—cut the throat before death, so that his god might permit of him eating the meat. Every moment I expected to see him go over, but he reached the bottom in safety, and I am glad to say found the horns uninjured.

At the railway station, after a bath taken in the middle of the little platform, behind a pillar, while my servant stood half-way down with a stick and kept all inquisitive natives back, I dined on the meal he had also prepared, and left a little before midnight, arriving at Lahore early the next morning, and was at my duty one hour later. For this trip let me advise soda water being taken, the water in most parts is brackish and very dirty. Coolies and bullock carts for kit are easily obtained. Three months later I got ten days' leave, and sent a servant about a week ahead of me to Sheik Buddin Hill, near Dera Ismail Khan, or "dreary dismal Khan," as some people have named the place. I left at ten a.m. on the first day, as I was prohibited from leaving a moment before the proper time, and for twenty-two-and-a-half hours I railed away.

The next morning I got some breakfast, and with my terrier "Random," a two-horse post chaise drove us ninety-five miles, changing horses every eight miles, passing through Dera Ismail Khan, and having lunch at that hospitable Garrison Mess. That evening on reaching the foot of the hill, I heard that my servant had started for a spot five miles up, and had left the village shikari to bring me on to it; so we started, finding two men with my tent asleep on the road in a cave. They swore they would not move that night, and the rest had gone on. We "pegged" away and caught them up, made a big fire, had something to eat, put the bed together and slept in the open.

Next morning was my third day, and I had to allow two days out of my ten for the return journey. So I started off at dawn and in six days managed to get four markhor. One of these, the best, I "spotted" standing some 200 yards out towards the centre of a huge slab of slate, some half-mile long, and extending in width from the top of the ridge, hundreds of feet down, to the stream below. I crept to the edge under cover of the boulders, and then had to lie down and fire, as there was absolutely no more cover of course; I broke a fore leg, high up, and away he went—with it dangling—across the slab. We both followed, but I had not taken half-a-dozen steps when I daren't move, and with the greatest difficulty got back. My shikari had run ahead of me with bare feet, and I then continued the ascent among the boulders, and turned along the top of the ridge, when, in a ravine, I saw my man waving to me. The markhor had tumbled over dead.

Another day we saw a solitary female, stalking up and down on a ridge, making short turns, and I guessed she was doing sentinel. So we lay down and watched her for two hours, for had we gone farther, though yet some distance off, she would have seen us. Every now and again she would dip down on the far side of her ridge only to reappear. But on one of these occasions she did not come again, and we made a dash across the open, to some friendly rocks and from them crept up. I then got a huge boulder, which was close to one end of her beat—between us—and went on alone, and on lying down and crawling round, saw some six or eight markhor lying about, within

ten yards of me. One of them was fully six feet up a blackthorn tree, with his fore feet three or four feet higher. General Kinloch, in his book, mentions natives having told him of this habit. This one was feeding, and whether he saw or scented me I do not know, but he gave one bound out from the middle of the herd, which leaped to their feet, conscious of some danger. They ran hither and thither, two coming close up within a yard or two of me, but I was looking for a good head, of which there was not one. There were at least four males. At last I fired at one, which rushed on to a ridge, and they all then descended the most perpendicular precipice, down, down, down, they went, and I ran forward and looked over. At last they reached the bottom and crossed a wide, rocky river bed, looking like specks, so great was the height I was up, and then began to ascend the opposite side, when one lagged behind. I followed, and when I also began to ascend, I found blood, but I had to give up the chase, owing to darkness, and went home.

Next morning was my last day and I returned to the trail. After following it with great difficulty for two hours, I saw an old crow perched on a rock, cawing in an obstinate way, and apparently concerned and not wanting to leave. It was the head of a little dead-end ravine, and right in the top of this, lay my markhor, dead.

My next trip was a longer one, two months. Here the Pathankote station-master was my victim. I sent on my two servants some days in advance. On reaching Pathan-

kote, the station-master had five mules ready, and a tramp of 72 miles to Palampur, Kangra Valley, brought them to a good bungalow, the day before I arrived. "Random" had left with my servants, and at a small railway station, half-way between Lahore and Pathankote, he was under the seat of their carriage. A great many natives got out, and at Pathankote he was not to be seen. This information I received on a post card in Hindi, two days after my servants left me, and five days before I started to follow them. I immediately despatched a trustworthy servant to the said station, to search 20 miles up and down the line, and all villages in the neighbourhood, and told him to meet me five days hence, with the dog, as I passed through, under dire penalties if he failed in his mission. He met me, but without the dog, and I gave up all hopes of ever seeing old "Random" again.

At Pathankote Station I dined, and at 9.30 p.m. started in a palkie the station-master had ordered, with six men and a torch-bearer, and a fresh lot of men every sixth mile met me and ran with me that 72 miles, a gradual ascent into the Himalayas, to Palampur, in 23 hours. Here I met A—— and S—— of a cavalry regiment at Seilkote. The next morning we started together, did thirty miles the first day and twenty the day after, for about 140 miles, through Sultanpur, the capital of Kulu, to Minali, a bungalow at the entrance to the Solung nullah, a "Y" shaped nullah, 15 miles long, the everlasting snow at the two head ends melting and

forming the origin of the Beas river. During these marches we were entertained on one occasion by a tea planter and on another by a fruit grower, and most hospitable they were, giving us an A1 breakfast and ponies to canter on ten miles to catch up our mules.

From Minali, after engaging forty-seven coolies, we bore to the right of the Solung nullah and were the first that winter to attempt the Rotung Pass, covered with snow, to Koksar rest-house. We saw nothing but snow for three days, till we reached Kailung, thirty-three miles from Koksar, along a rocky river bed. One of A——'s coolies, carrying a cartridge magazine full of rupees, put it on the back of an ox, which was laden with a couple of side loads ; the ox objected to this, " bucked," and down the precipice went the box of rupees. It took A—— about two hours to recover all but about forty.

At Kailung the German missionaries told us the Bara Lacha Pass, which lay ahead of us, would not be open for eight or ten days. So I gave up all hopes of getting Ibex, as with only two months' leave I could not spare the time, but S——, who had four months, waited, and A——, who had also two months, decided to potter about and try for a snow-leopard, the Germans having told us there had been a good many about. The same evening, on my kit reaching Kailung, I ordered them to go back that night five or seven miles and to be at Koksar rest-house again by the following evening. I kept a pillow and blanket, S—— lent me his rug, and I engaged a coolie to carry

them. I lay down till four a.m., when I started, caught up my kit about 2 p.m., had my coolie dead beat at 4 p.m., and went on alone and nearly missed the Koksar rest-house in the dusk and a blinding snow storm about 7 p.m. Fortunately K——, of a native cavalry regiment, had just arrived over the Rotung to buy Spiti ponies for government, and he gave me some hot coffee and brandy. My kit arrived shortly before midnight.

The next day it was still snowing like mad, and as only a few coolies would attempt the five-day march in the snow into Spiti, I halted. The next morning, though fine, some of my coolies lost heart, no more would volunteer, K——'s men could get none, and I counted up how many days out of my two months were left, and came to the conclusion that I had better nip back over the Rotung, and into the Solung for red bear and musk deer. I saw no tracks for two days. Then I came across one or two, and as the snow receded I saw more, and eventually got four red, one black bear, and three musk deer, out of twenty-three red, two black bears, and five musk deer seen. This may seem a poor bag of red bear, considering the number seen, but you had to camp low down by the torrent. You had to ascend before daybreak one side of the pine tree slope, examine the open spaces of grass (tarshes), where bears root about and frolic, and perhaps "spot one" on a tarsh on the opposite side. It takes from three to four hours to descend, and find a ford or make a bridge of pine trees and ascend ; and as those who have hunted the red bear know, they retire soon after

day-light—heaven knows where—but high up as they can get, and are rarely seen before four or five p.m., when they slowly descend, turning over sods and stones in quest of food. They cannot see, a little bit. I topped a ridge one day, and, looking cautiously over, saw one feeding right up to me. I slid into a sitting position (I was dressed in karki), and on he fed to within forty paces, when a twig cracked under me. Up stared Bruin, right at me, but I gazed stolidly ahead and scarce dared breathe, and so we remained for full two minutes, when he seemed to think it was alright, fed again, edged off to my left, fed on as the rifle was slowly raised, and at twenty yards, as he was walking somewhat rapidly, I hit him through the shoulder, two inches too far forward. He turned and bolted back fifty yards, and hid under a fallen pine, and the left barrel then gave him—as I afterwards discovered—a flesh wound in a hind leg. He bolted again, and I slipped in one cartridge, and hit him—also a flesh wound—in the other hind leg. He then gave me a two-hour chase in a precipitous pine forest, and as I hurried along the trail and was about to clamber over a huge fallen pine tree, about five feet in diameter, I saw on the far side his great fur back heaving; and pushing the rifle forward like a pistol, I pulled the trigger and over he rolled. It was now nearly dark, and as the united effort of myself and shikari could only drag him a yard or so out of a stream he had tumbled into, and we had the “Paradox” and double ·450 Express out, we were rather in a fix. We set to and skinned him, and when we had cleared his hind quarters

and body right up to his shoulders, we hacked his carcase through. Then taking the two rifles myself, we started for camp, arriving about 9.30 p.m., very pleased, but very "done."

On another occasion when I was right up at one of the heads of the "Y," I saw, on the opposite side, a brown mass. On applying the glasses I made out a big bear, and two cubs gambolling round her. It took me nearly two hours to descend and cross the glacier, to the head end of the "Y," and ascend through the forest to the side of the tarsh I had seen her on. The centre of the tarsh proved to be a huge mound, and, as no bear was visible, I crept out from the edge of the forest to ascend and peep over the top, when up jumped one of those minal pheasants, and, screeching, flew off. In an instant one of the baby bears popped its head over the top of the mound and withdrew in a trice. I reached the summit just in time to see the trio enter the forest on the far side of the tarsh. Another time I wounded a bear gazing down at me on a steep slope. With a "Whoof whoof" he charged down. Whilst putting in another cartridge I got out of his way by rushing through a lot of bushes. I then faced round, but he had missed me. I searched for him and found blood, which I followed for a time, but eventually lost the track ; I found him the next evening by accident,—dead.

Early one morning I stalked and wounded a black bear, much under the same circumstances. On that occasion I stood my ground. He did not charge home, but swerved to my right. A flying shot after him from

the left barrel missed. I ran after him and soon found blood. After four hours I lost the trail near one end of a huge fallen pine. My Shikari then spotted claw marks on this tree and getting on to it, we tracked the claw marks right up it. The bear had then jumped off the far end. Smudges of blood, on the sides of blades of grass, were all we then had to go upon, and these were few and far between. We were searching for the trail, and I was on a ledge running round a sugar-loaf mass of rock, when I saw a recess abreast of my elbow and a smudge of blood on it. Peering round the ragged corner, I saw the mouth of a cave, about two or three feet in diameter, leading from the recess. I had two men with me, but there was hardly room for us all, so I got into a position where I could command the opening of the cave if the bear charged out, and directed my men to deposit two huge lumps of rock in the recess to block the cave. This they did and bolted. They again cautiously approached with two more, which they had just planted on top of the first two when Bruin charged, but only got about half his head out, and at once retreated.

The three of us then quietly advanced, each with a rock. One man I directed to at once sit down in the recess and place his feet against the rocks we had deposited. This he did and though Bruin again growled he did not attempt to get out. We then filled up the recess and put on our "considering caps." It struck me there might be another outlet, but search provided a negative answer. I then took the position of the man who had been in the

recess after removing some stones, and, picking away an aperture, saw Bruin's nose pop out, and a growl from time to time was also heard. At last I managed to get a shot at what I thought was his forehead. As we saw no more we filled up the recess again with stones, and as it was now mid-day, we returned to camp.

Next morning we started with ropes, candles, and long sticks, and after two-and-a-half hours' climb reached the cave. I then partially split a long stick, tied in a bit of candle, made an aperture, and passed the lighted candle through, and on for about eight feet, when the cave seemed to turn to the right. I prodded the far end with another stick, found it soft, and elicited a growl. I then tied an axe on to the stick, and after many "dives" hooked down a leg, which was quickly withdrawn. I then lay back in the recess, got daylight on my fore-sight and candle-light on the bear, and fired, and afterwards found I had hit him where his tail ought to be, and broken "the bone" in front into three pieces. Of course the candle went out and there was nothing but dust and smoke for ten minutes, when I relighted the candle and, passing it in, crept up to him, pushing a huge lump of rock in front of me, and hooked down one hind leg with an axe. I had nearly fixed the noose of a stout rope, when he jerked his leg up, and a second time I tried with the same result. I then gave up trying to get him down, and, lighting a fire, pushed the smoking sticks into the cave. In a few minutes he charged down with a grunt, but did not appear, and, on raking out the ashes,

I found him suffocated. My first bullet of the day before had broken a foreleg, and the one at the cave had hit him in the snout and run down by the side of the wind-pipe.

Another day I saw a female bear and fair-sized cub going along the side of the nullah high up. I got behind them and cornered them in the dead-end, so that they must either go over the perpetual snow or return past me within a few hundred yards. They tried to hide in some bushes, but on my near approach, the old girl charged me. A bullet in the root of the nose sent her back again. The youngster then galloped out on the far side of the clump of bushes and for a moment I hesitated, as I only had one barrel loaded and a wounded she bear with young a few yards in front of me. The temptation was too great, however ; I had a snap shot, hit him in the back of the neck, and he came rolling down, over and over. Mrs. B., fortunately, did not appear, and slipping in two more cartridges, I advanced, supporting myself with an Alpine stock in my left hand, and the "Express" in my right, pushed forward as a pistol. I then saw her trying to steal away through the bushes, and steadying myself, I fired where I thought she was, and saw her move forward and then lay still, and on closer inspection, found her dead.

There is nothing much for me to say about the Musk deer. The males are very difficult to tell from the females ; though you can often get very close, they will bound on a few yards and then stand gazing back at you

some minutes. With strong glasses, even at 50 yards, it is difficult to see the long projecting tusk of the upper jaw which curves down and out, below the lower lip two or three inches, which is the distinguishing mark. The meat is quite the finest I have eaten, better than karkur, young oryx (gemsbok of South Africa), or a doe cheetal just about to drop young, which I shot by accident once and hung for five days, in the hot weather, under a shady tree. These two latter, after hanging, are exceedingly good.

On my way home I met A———, who told me that native children still go and hunt for his rupees among the rocks of that ravine. He had shot a red she bear and captured her two cubs, but after three days let them go as he did not know what to do with them.

One evening, when in a bungalow on the return journey, I heard a karkur barking down a steep grass hillock. With a double .450 at full cock in one hand and an Alpine stock in the other, I proceeded to descend, when I slipped up and dropped the stick, the muzzle of the rifle caught inside the breast of my Norfolk coat, the breech fell across my right arm, and I slid down, down, each tuft of grass breaking away from my hands. Though I believe a rock, projecting about ten inches at the edge, would have stopped me going over the precipice, yet some grass "held" just before I reached it; and it seemed an hour before I grasped the rifle and slowly withdrew and uncocked it. It was a close shave, and I felt a bit shaky for the rest of the evening. My Shikari fairly blubbered and at once offered up a prayer at my deliverance.

On reaching the railway, I looked out at every station for old "Random," and just as the train was starting from one of them, I spotted him, jumped out, and called him. He leaped up against me, after his manner, and was popped in the train as we moved off, after a two months' separation.

The next autumn I was transferred to the Central Provinces, and saw my second tiger on a seventeen-day trip. I had had a good many beats with no result, when the Shikari suggested that some fifty beaters I had out that day should sit down for half-an-hour in a dry nullah we were in near the banks of the Narbudda river. He and I were to proceed along the winding nullah for the half-hour, and at the end of that period he was to post me up the sloping bank behind a tree. I ascended the bank three or four yards from a spot where a little gutter, heavily draped with long grass, ran into the nullah. The beaters were to extend in a semi-circle on both sides of the nullah and follow us. My Shikari left me, and going forty yards on, climbed a tree.

The beaters came on, and were not more than fifty yards to my rear. I thought the beat over and descended the bank to the nullah, standing by the grassy gutter, awaiting the beaters and Shikari to come and arrange the next beat, when I heard the latter from his elevated position call out in Hindi, "tell the Sahib to look out, there is a tiger in the grass." I nipped up that bank in double quick time and got behind a big tree. I was not a moment too soon, for the next instant I saw the head

and shoulders of a huge tiger push the grass of the gutter aside, and there he stood, languidly turning to look up and down the nullah. I hit him through the fleshy part of the forearm, high up; and from being a heavy, sleepy-looking great brute, he became a fiend incarnate. With one bound he cleared the whole nullah and landed on the opposite sloping bank. There, standing up on his hind legs, he roared, and swayed to and fro six or eight times, tearing off leaves and branches and tossing them about. I cannot tell you why I did not fire again, I was not a bit frightened. The whole scene, I fancy, appalled and mesmerised me, and had he seen and charged me, I don't believe I should have moved. It was practically the first tiger I had seen, and there I was not ten yards off, and only behind a tree, and the most perfect fury and uproar going on in front of me. He dropped into the nullah, gave a couple of bounds down it, and then got up the side he had just attempted, at a less precipitous place, and rushed for the line of beaters, every one of whom was now up a tree. They afterwards told me that he lay down with his head between his paws, roaring. I could not see him then on account of the bushes. He then sprang to his feet, and I got a glimpse of him for the hundredth part of a second as he galloped off roaring. One by one my coolies descended, but I only saw eleven again, the others having bolted. The next beat failed to find him.

This was on a Monday afternoon, and as I had no elephant, I deemed it wise not to follow him till Wednes-

day, as the nullahs were treacherously covered with long grass in many places. On Wednesday morning I went into the village near my camp and got eight men to come. We formed up "two deep," and traversed every likely place in the direction he had gone, but without result, though we came to three places where he had been lying down. The next evening, strolling about the forest within half a mile of camp, on the look out for cheetal, and looking over into a very deep, wide bend of a nullah, with a "Whoof, whoof," up jumped what I believed to be the same tiger, and galloped off through the reeds and grass mounds which were scattered about the bend. I sent a "right" and "left" after him, and I heard him roaring for a full minute as he galloped up the nullah, but I think it was only from the pain of his Monday wound, as I believe he was more or less limping. This tiger was shot by another hunter three weeks later. He saw him asleep, from some advantageous elevated position, and missed him clean, but got him with the other barrel as he galloped down the nullah.

A night or two after there was a most infernal roaring and bellowing about half-a-mile off my camp, and the next morning one of the villagers came to tell me that of three full-grown buffaloes which had been left out grazing all night by accident, only two had just come in, and the other was lying dead and half eaten, about 800 yards off in the open. I at once went down, and up jumped a huge tiger and ran off behind a hillock and into some jungle. At 5 p.m. I sat over the "kill" in the only tall tree there

was, and as half a gale blew and the tree was thin, I was far from steady. Suddenly all the vultures but one waddled off and stood in the shade of a big bush. Then the one left followed them, and on glancing to my left I saw a fine panther, evidently out for a stroll, looking in surprise at the carcase. I could not make up my mind to fire, as he turned and walked off. But thinking hurriedly that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," I "drew a bead" and waited a moment for the tree to sway the sights of the rifle on to him, but at that moment he turned and looked right up at me; why, I don't know. I fired and apparently missed, as there was no blood in the direction he went, and I never saw him again.

The next day I found a young buffalo killed in the forest. I sat over it, and heard, but could not see, the tiger purring for two hours, close by, before the sun went down, though my Shikari, who was in a tree fifty yards off, had the tiger all the time in full view and said he was a small one and lay in the same place the whole time. I had got three sambhur, three cheetal, and two karkur, and was so disheartened about the tigers that I left the place and made a short detour on the way home. I reached the village I meant to camp at just before dark and found the natives a bit excited, as half-an-hour before, when a man was driving in a herd of cows, a small tiger sprang on first a cow, killing it, and then a calf. The next morning I was shown the place. The cow was there, partially eaten, but no calf. We tracked broken

blades of grass and small stones turned over, for nearly a mile, when up jumped the tiger and trotted into some bushes one hundred yards in front, where he remained growling. I could only see his tail vibrating about over the tops of the bushes, and as I had only a light .450 and he was reported to have killed two out of four natives who went after him on a similar occasion a few months before, and as his growls were getting loud and savage, and fast and furious, I steadily backed. After half-an-hour I crept up near and climbed a big tree, where I sat for a couple of hours, but he never returned.

My men, in the meantime, had hastened to get coolies, which were scarce, it being the month of March—during this time they are busy with their crops—but I obtained twenty-six. Our “beats,” however, proved futile, owing, I think, to my trying to drive the tiger back over his “kill,” which I now know to be a fatal error. The next day I beat all round and got a sambhur, and on the second I rode sixty miles home.

A few weeks after I drove out thirteen miles to have lunch at the forest officer’s camp. We rode off three miles on an elephant in the afternoon to a village in which he had some business. We came across a troop of wild dogs, three of which we bowled over, and one of the others attacked and worried one of the wounded animals before scuttling off. I once saw a pack in full “cry” (though they ran mute), after five neighal gai (does and young) and I bowled one of the dogs over.

But to return to my story. On reaching the village a man came up and said that when he was driving in his cows about an hour before a leopard had sprung on a calf, but he had beaten it off with a stick. I saw a goat, and, borrowing it, left my friend to his business. The man showed me the place where the leopard had been. It was about quarter of a mile off, a patch of grass in some bushes and a rocky slope leading from it. I got into a tree, the goat was tethered in the middle of the grass, and the men walked back to the village, the goat bleating and gazing after them. I had not been there two minutes, and could hear the men still talking, when a leopard came tearing full speed across the grass. She missed the goat and turned "head over heels." She was up in an instant, threw herself on her back under the goat, and clutched the throat between her paws. Her movements were all like lightning, and I could not fire, as she was here, there, and everywhere, and the goat more or less in the way. Presently I got a moment's chance and fired. She leapt to her feet and galloped back the same way she had come, but I saw a blood splash on her side. I dropped out of the tree and followed her, and soon came on blood, and fifty yards further on found her dead. I returned and was trying to get into my tree, as I had been told there were two often seen together in that neighbourhood, when my men returned, having heard the shot. They carried off the beast I had shot which was a female with milk in her breasts, and as the goat had only two small wounds I sat on for

an hour, while they went to the village, to skin. But nothing came of it, and I got down, released the goat, which promptly went off to the village, and the owner was mightily pleased with a four-anna piece for the loan.

On another occasion when I was out at lunch with the same officer, we had two or three "beats" for pea-fowl in the afternoon, which was very like driving pheasants, when a leopard sprang across the grass "ride." My friend, having taken up his rifle the moment before, had a snapshot. We found him under a bush with his neck broken, having been carried there by the impetus of his spring. I did just the same thing one day with a hyena, which suddenly galloped out. He met his death by a charge of No. 6 shot behind the ear, at about four feet distance. Another odd day I was "beating" with two other gentlemen a short way out from my station and I got the finest cheetal I have seen, in length, thickness, and spread of horns. The head was more like a sambhur. The others got a lynx and a neighal gai bull apiece.

On another occasion a leopard was reported in some bushy ravines two miles behind my hospital. While standing in *leather soled* boots on a bit of a slope and having the place driven with about thirty coolies, I became conscious of something behind me. Turning round I saw a leopard take about three bounds across the slope right behind me, and what with a slip up, and the brief period I had to get the sights on, I did not fire, and though the beaters saw him in the next "beat" and he nearly mauled one, he got clean away.

Another time I was out in a place where there were no cattle, but tracks of a tiger about. I got hold of a forester, who had an awful wretch of a pony, and I promised him Rs. 8 if the pony was killed and four annas a night for the loan of it otherwise. He tied it out for me half a mile from camp and I heard the tiger "kill" about 5.30 p.m. The forester had begged me to go and sit in a tree near, but I had not thought it any use. The next night I sat over the "kill," as I was sixteen miles from a village, and though I sent for beaters in the morning, I knew they could not arrive in time to beat that day.

The tiger turned up at five p.m. He purred, chased a bantam cock about, sneezed seven times, and tramped about through the dead leaves till 7 p.m. There was a grand moon, but he never showed up, and at 11.30 p.m. men came for me with lanterns, and news that thirty-eight coolies had been got to beat the next day. We had had four beats, and were six miles from the "kill" when the shikari gave it up, but said "we will have one more for sambhur, up a wooded hill and through a gap in a precipitous wall-like place to a forest beyond." I was taken and posted in this gap, which was about 80 yards wide, and my coolie went off a short distance and sat in a niche in the rugged edge of the rocks. I heard the beaters shouting nearly a mile off. I was sitting on the ground, close up to a heap of wild vine, when I heard crunch, crunch, in the dead leaves and just had time, while raising the rifle, to think "well, it's more than one

animal " and " it's not like sambhur coming along," when through the leaves of the vine, I saw, standing, a huge tiger, not four feet from me. I could have shoved the muzzle of the rifle right against his side, and pulled both triggers. I nearly did so, when he stalked sleepily along. I shrunk up to the vine, making myself as small as I could, passed the sights of the rifle to behind the ear, waited till he had gone about three paces farther on and was descending slightly, when my eye caught sight of No. 2 abreast of No. 1, and about twenty yards off. Before I pressed the trigger, they both simultaneously halted, and very dreamily and slowly, turned their heads, and gazed at me. The " bead " was drawn between No. 1's eyes at about three yards from the muzzle, and at the moment I fired, they both bounded like a flash down the incline ; I heard a growl and jumped to my feet and was behind a bamboo clump in an instant, but as nothing showed up I slipped in another cartridge and waited.

After a few minutes the Shikari and some coolies came up, and giving the former the " Paradox " loaded, we advanced to reconnoitre, and saw a tiger lying on his side. As he did not move to stones shied at him we walked up, to find him dead ; but my bullet never reached his head or even his neck, so rapid was his bound, it caught him behind his shoulder and wounded the heart. I at once beat for No. 2, but it was 4 p.m., and the coolies were very frightened and would not form a line, so I had to give it up. They were both full-grown tigers, and as it was December they were in their winter coats.

The next day I came across five sambhur in somewhat thinly wooded country. There was one good stag about 150 yards from me, and I had to fire standing almost on tip-toe, to avoid the long grass. They all went off and on going to the spot where the stag had stood I tried to take up his tracks, but after a few yards, finding no blood, I left them and strolled on. I had gone about half a mile when I heard a sound that I took for a woodman's axe. As I was in reserve forest, about twenty miles from the track even of grazing cattle, apart from villages, and knew no one should be there, I went to see. I found the stag down on his knees and belly making these sounds, and a tiny bullet hole from my .450 bullet about one foot behind the shoulder. I approached him cautiously, but he did not appear to notice me, and I then saw how close I could get, and walked in front of him at about three yards distance, but he absolutely took no notice. His eyes were open and blinking, and not "glassy."

At last I fired behind his shoulder on the wounded side. He never stirred, nor seemed any the better or worse for the shot, only a second hole was apparent in his skin. My Shikari and I approached from behind. Each of us seized his left antler and dragged him over on his right side, and the Shikari hamstrung one hind leg, when he shook us off and getting on his feet went off on three legs at a very fair pace. I seized my rifle and in a snap-shot knocked him head over heels, and, running up, we cut his throat.

My next trip was from Ranikhet, for ten days in the Terai in June. I sent my kit and servants down eighty-two miles to Kala—— via Her—— (I forget the names) at the foot of the hill, and sent three ponies on from Ranikhet, to the 15th, 30th and 45th milestones respectively. I got away about 2 p.m. and went at a hand-canter the whole 58 miles to Her—— bungalow where I had sent a man, with a pillow, a blanket, and box of biscuits, not forgetting six sodas and two feeds of corn. He took my last beast with orders to have him round at six a.m., and after some food I turned in, I had descended some 6,000 feet from the cool hills. It was a blazing hot night in the plains, and I did not sleep much. The next morning I cantered off the twenty-four miles to Kala—— leaving my man to follow with my bedding. I got four cheetal stags and three parah (hog-deer) and muddled two chances I had at tigers. As there were wild elephants at times in these parts, I also nearly fired at one which had been turned loose by some English or Native potentate on account of old age or sickness. I forget exactly what the shikari said, but had I had my "Paradox" at the moment in my hand, instead of the Express, I doubt if he would have seen what I was doing in time to stop me.

One evening about 4.30 p.m., a little boy came to my tent near his village, and said his father had sent him to say that a tiger had just killed one of his cows, amongst a lot of small rugged ravines, not half a mile behind the village. I hurried off, and the old man soon showed me a

white cow dragged into one of these narrow, deep ravines with which that part was intersected. We thought the best thing to do was at once to tie my "jhoola" in a tree near the cow and sit quiet, everyone else to go away. This we did, and for the first and last time in my life did I give in to the entreaties of my Shikari to let him sit with me. I did so as he was a very superior old chap—a pensioner from a Native Infantry Regiment—and very keen, and had shot a good many tigers himself. Besides, he seemed so disappointed, that I gave in to him as I would have done to a friend who wanted to see the sport. He sat on a thick forked branch immediately below me, not twelve feet above the edge of the bank where the tree grew from.

Hour after hour passed, and now I could only just make out the white cow. There had not been a sign of the tiger. Suddenly, up the ravine to my right, a deep, rattling, guttural growl came almost like a "feu de joie" and lasted about thirty seconds. This was repeated, about half a dozen times. Then I heard him yawn, and champ his jaws together, and scratch himself, and he ended in panting, and then another lengthened growl. Straining my eyes to the utmost, I could not see him. Then the same growl came from my left, down the ravine, and a tramp in the dead leaves made me glance behind. Crossing a patch of grass, I just made out the shape and form, of, what undoubtedly was, No. 3 tiger, and half-an-hour later two crossed the same way. Growls and scratchings were going on all round me, when

suddenly all ceased for about an hour and a half. About 11 p.m., first one and then another tiger boldly walked down the nullah, knocking over stones, right up to the "kill" without a moment's hesitation. They fed very quietly, and, though the old shikari kept shifting his position on the hard branch as he had done all along, they took no notice. The bottom of the ravine where the beasts were, was not more than 16 feet below him, and I was only 2 or 3 feet more up the tree, which slanted out right over the "kill." I could still just see something whitish against the dark ground, and could not make up my mind whether to wait for the moon which would rise at 1.30 a.m., or for daylight, or to try a shot in the dark. If I had been alone I would certainly have waited; I was most comfortable in my "jholaa," but that chap below me shifting about made me expect the tigers every moment to move off. At last I decided I would fire, and softly tied my handkerchief round the muzzle of my rifle so as to have some idea where it was pointing. It was as dark as pitch and I knew the hind quarters of the cow—which tigers always begin at—lay up the nullah. So tucking my toes out of the way and pointing the rifle straight down at the whitishness I could barely discern, I hitched the rifle a yard or two up the nullah and pulled both triggers, my kerchief, full of sparks, floated gaily down. I heard one tiger bound on to the bank just below my tree, and the other on to the opposite bank, and as I slipped in two more cartridges, this latter one took about four steps to

the left and halted. Neither "spoke" to the shot. The latter one then marched with slow, deliberate steps back again, right across my front, from left to right. I pointed the rifle, and when it was as near straight as my ears would guide me, I again pulled both triggers. The beast trotted only a few yards and then remained for ten minutes growling. The other one I never heard again.

After about 20 minutes my men came from camp with torches and we went home, and at daybreak were on the spot, but there was not a sign of one of them. A few nights after, about 6 miles off, a native told me a tiger was over in a certain cool, shady nullah, which, commencing in the plain, ran up to the edge of the forest and continued three quarters of a mile into it and was then lost in some elevated ground. This tiger was reported to have killed eight people. I tied a young buffalo at the edge of the forest close to the nullah and the next morning he was gone. On looking about, I found fresh tracks of a large tiger up the nullah, but no signs of his having dragged anything. I followed the tracks for about a quarter of a mile, when I saw my buffalo, which was bigger than a good sized donkey, well up on the bank in the shade of a big tree. He must have carried it bodily, with his head held up in the air. It was so cool and shady, and so many pools of water about, that on my Shikari's suggestion we ascended the bank on the opposite side to a recess about 20 feet up, and remained quiet. The sun becoming very hot about 10 a.m., we thought the tiger must have gone to lie up

for the day, so we descended and dragged the buffalo with great difficulty down into and across the nullah, on to the opposite bank, so that I could keep him in view from a tree in which I purposed putting my "jhoola."

We fixed the "jhoola," covered over the carcase with grass and branches as a protection from vultures, and returned to camp for breakfast.

At 12.40 we arrived back, I to sit in the "jhoola," the Shikari, after seeing me comfortable, to go back to camp till dark, when he was to return with torches, unless he heard a shot sooner. What was our astonishment to find the "buff" gone. We easily tracked the tiger up the nullah. I only had my .450 Express with me, and, though I knew how foolish it was, I could not help following. Bend after bend of the nullah we cautiously peeped round, and stole on; when near the end, where it spread out, and irregular grass mounds stood about, with a "whoof," "whoof," up jumped the tiger and stood extended to his full height, not five paces in front of us, showing the whole of his left side. He looked almost black in the shaded light, and growled in a listening attitude, but did not look *straight* at us, and though I had the rifle to my shoulder, I felt I must not yet fire. It would be time enough if he came for me, and if he bolted it would be all the safer for me, as he could not get out of view for a few seconds. There we stood, and then without a warning, he gave one bound—over a couple of little gutters with an intervening mound—on to a sloping grass bank, which he galloped up, meaning to

leave us masters of the field. I waited till his head reached the bushes which fringed the top, then fired at his great, broad back, saw him flounder backwards, and I turned and fled down the nullah in the direction we had come. The Shikari got about one yard start, which he increased, as I had the rifle and slipped in a muddy pool. We sped on, perhaps fifty yards, the Shikari having just turned a bend to the right, when I heard rapid steps behind me in the dead leaves, and jerky, little, irregular growls. I was round that welcome bend, and up the sloping bank to the right, but slipped down in the bushes, which providentially were thick, and turning over shoved the rifle out, pistol-like, with my finger on the left trigger, expecting the muzzle to be in the tiger's mouth or chest ; but, thank God, he had passed, and my slipping up and out of view, had saved me. I lay still for a moment, and listened, and then getting on my knees I peered cautiously over the bushes, but could not hear or see anything.

I had last seen the Shikari ten yards in front of me, speeding down the nullah. I then noted where the sun was and ran at right angles to this nullah and did not stop till I had put two others and the intervening bits of jungle between myself, and the infuriated wounded beast. I then made the best of my way to the edge of the plain, in the direction of where I thought I had tied out the buffalo. On reaching it, I was glad to see my Shikari speeding away, 300 yards out, and though I shouted, he only waved his hand, and ran on. I walked after him, and

when he thought it safe to stop, I caught him up. He immediately began to pray for my deliverance, and told me that shortly after rounding the bend and hearing the tiger, which he knew must then be close on me, he nipped up a very steep, high bank on the left, and clambered and pulled himself up, and saw the tiger below, standing still growling at him, and thought he had struck me down and was standing over me. And, "How should he go to camp and say the tiger had got the Sahib," blubbered the old man.

Well, it was a near shave, and I think the fact of my slipping down in those bushes, and being for the moment out of sight, saved my life, the tiger, after turning the bend, saw the Shikari some yards in front of him, and his attention was diverted, but the old man clambered up the steep bank, before the tiger could reach him.

The next day, after great trouble, I induced two men to return with me and look for the tiger, as I hoped he might have died from his wound, but rain had fallen in the night and we never found a track.

I feel I should say here that my experience has been that there is often more exciting sport and adventure to be had with animals, eventually lost, than with those brought to bag. Well, I learnt two lessons this trip ; one was not to visit the buffalo till the sun is well up, as you disturb the tiger ; the other to buy a .577 rifle, shooting $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 drachms powder and a pure, soft lead bullet of some six hundred odd grains, which the late Sir S. Baker recommends, and which I should not have

been afraid of firing at that tiger's broadside, knowing it would have given a "knock down" blow.

The previous tiger yarns also show the unsatisfactory results of "sitting over a kill," which appears enticing, but seldom answers. However, when you cannot get coolies to beat, or are in the jungle where beating is not allowed, or where twenty elephants are required and you are not of sufficient importance to command them, you have no other alternative but to "sit up," and it is with this idea I am devising an electric light apparatus.

On one occasion in India I was fortunate enough to come across a pack of wild dogs in "full cry," though they ran mute, after two doe neilghai and three young ones. I was strolling along and came to more or less of a clearing and low scrub bush in the forest, when, about 100 yards ahead of me, and galloping from left to right across my front came the neilghai, and some two minutes after the whole pack, galloping in an easy, loose fashion, lollopping their heads to right and left, and though covering the ground fairly fast seemed not to be exerting themselves. I shot one. On another occasion, in a different part of India, I came on a whole pack, standing about in the forest, and shot two, my friend also shooting one. One of the pack attacked and "shook" one of those I had killed.

Before leaving Indian shikar, I'll give one story I heard to be a true one.

A certain officer, got news of a jheel (swamp) full of snipe, some twenty miles from his station, and he drove

out, anticipating a grand day's sport. There was a small bungalow near, which Engineers made use of when repairing the canal, and in it was a Eurasian who had been shooting. He was asked if there was much sport to be had. "Oh yes," he replied, "I've got fifty-one brace to-day, come and see them, there is one bird, I do not know what it is." The officer highly elated at the prospect of sport, proceeds to another room to inspect the bag, and beholds king-fishers, paddy birds, &c., &c., and the strange specimen is picked out, which proves to be the only snipe in the bag.





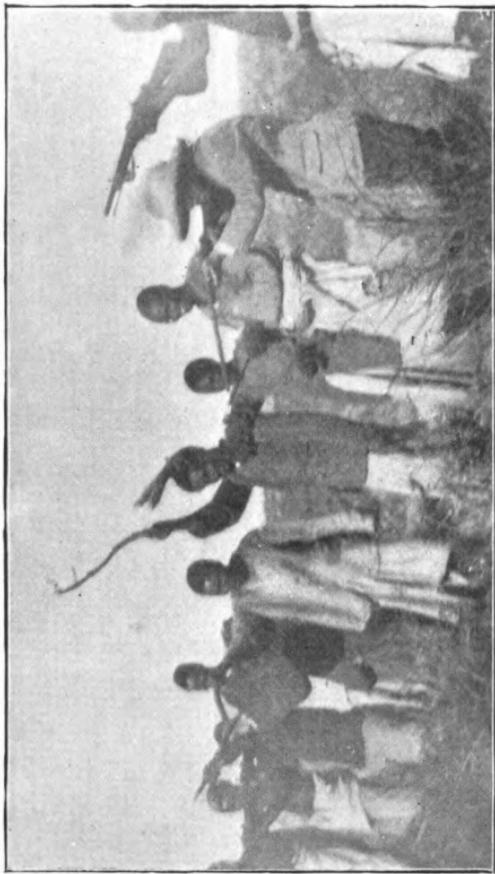
CHAPTER VII.

ODD YARNS ON SOMALI LAND SPORT.

When in SOMALI LAND I had some exciting times. The first was with a black-maned lion. We meant to reach a certain place one night, but it was getting dark and we were a couple of hours march off, so finding an old zereba, we went into it for the night. This zereba covered, I daresay, an acre. It was about four feet high and four feet thick, having sunk down and fallen apart. We repaired a few yards a little and camped inside, our cook making his fire just inside, while R—— and I got the tent up a yard or so more towards the centre of the zereba, the door also facing the centre. Our nineteen camels squatted to the right of the tent, in a circle, and our twenty men and three ponies were with them; our five donkeys were tethered to two saplings, half-left from our tent door, perhaps six or seven paces from the wall of the zereba. We fed and turned in.

About 2.15 a.m. we were awakened by two feeble brays, followed by a third. We tumbled out, lighted a candle, seized our rifles and a couple of cartridges, and by this time our

PLATE 18.



"Repriming the torches we advanced, only we were in pyjamas the night before; there were only three or four men to the front, not the bold camelman with his carbine, who showed up only for this photograph the next morning."

Shikaries had arrived and were shoving their woolly heads through the tent door, saying "Waraba!" (Hyena). Deep growls were going on, and we were at once sure it was no hyena. It was pitch dark, and we could see nothing, the three or four fires had died down to red-hot embers, though by this time our servants were fanning them up. At last we discerned a black mass, half-left from our tent door, and decided to fire simultaneously and bolt into the tent. This we did, R—— with a double 12 bore and I with a .450. Still the growls continued and we each got two more cartridges, R—— now using his .450, and so we went on for *six* or *eight* volleys, growls continuing just the same. By this time I had got our cook, and the oil tin, and three or four men with red hot sticks, in a line, oil was thrown on, and we saw it was only a pile of dead branches towards the middle of the zereba we had been firing at ; but I noticed one donkey still at his post, gazing intently more to the left.

It occurred to me that that animal knew best, and I crept past him, my ears strained to the utmost. Just then the torches with R—— flared up, from my right and slightly to my rear, and I saw the lion dragging the donkey off. I fired both barrels, and the growls ceased as I rushed back, and on returning and repriming the torches, we advanced. (*See Plate 18*).

The lion and donkey were both dead ; the former with a bullet wound under his left eye and one in the nape of his neck. There was, however, a somewhat larger irregular hole, quite close to that under the eye, which R——

claimed to be his 12-bore. We both of us had a miss-fire that night, the only ones in the trip, and almost the only ones we had either of us ever had with rifles. In fact I had never had one with any weapon before, except a cheap shot gun, when a boy. (*See Plates 19 and 20*).

That lion's bowels were absolutely empty except for two lumps of grass. We therefore concluded that he must have been excessively hungry, and this explained his boldness in jumping into our zereba and "sticking" to his prey when captured, in spite of the eight or ten volleys we fired at him.

The day before Xmas Day, we marched early in the morning to a place eight or nine miles off. We got away before the caravan, which was to follow a narrow track. R—— took the left and I took the right of the road, and made a detour, agreeing to meet each other, about 11 a.m. for breakfast at a spot where the caravan was to halt. Two oryx had galloped across, a long way in front of me, from left to right, probably disturbed by R——. They went over a whitish grass knoll, dotted over with small trees. I ran after them, hoping they would stop on descending to the lower ground, and my Shikaries and Uskur, the native prince, who was with us and was mounted, stayed behind, somewhat disgusted at my leaving the direction we should work in for two oryx, which had certainly seen us, and would therefore be unapproachable.

I reached the top of the knoll, which proved to be more like a small table-land, with a fresh, cool breeze

PLATE 19.



"Black-maned Lion and Donkey : in the background are the pile of sticks we were firing at ; the tent lay to the right hand."

PLATE 20.



"Same Lion drawn up close to tent door fifteen minutes later; the two bushes are not part of the ZEREBĀ, but happened to be growing there toward the centre of the ZEREBĀ."

coming over it, and the trees, which had bushy tops, casting broad shadows. It seemed to me to be a rare place for lions to lie up in the shade during the heat of the day, and, not half a minute after, I saw, not thirty yards in front of me, crossing my front, very slowly, from left to right, a lioness, followed closely by a lion, on the far side of a thin bush. I glanced to his rear, as I knew they often went in trios, and a few yards off I saw a second lioness following in their train. As the lion passed clear of the bush, I fired at him ; and as the smoke cleared, I saw him in the grass, which was about a foot high, turning over and over, his black-tipped tail lashing the air. On either side of him was a lioness staring at me, mute amazement depicted on their visages. Their faces looked, against the whitish grass, *square, and flat and black*, for all the world like a schoolboy's slate was the idea which then struck me. I then took careful aim at the one on my left, and as I pressed the trigger low growls began to come from both. The smoke cleared and there was only one square, black face left : the one to my right. Her growls were now coming thick and fast, and I stepped backwards two paces, clubbing my rifle, a .577, as I saw her move towards me, but the next moment I realized how foolish this move was, and then took a pace towards her. She did not come on, but stood her ground, growling. Staring full at her and keeping up a threatening attitude, I whipped in a cartridge to the right barrel, and clapped the lever to and cocked the hammer. Still she did not come on, but stood growling.

I repeated "the movement" with the left barrel before firing. I now took a careful aim, and I'm hanged if I did not miss her head, and, as I afterwards found, the bullet passed by her left cheek and struck her in the left hind foot. Even then, she did not come for me, but turned, and before I could get the "sights" dead on, *walked* slowly behind a bush in a sullen, dignified manner, and then suddenly bounded off. I looked round and saw Abde Roblah, my Shikari, running up, and shouted to him to call Uskur and my syce, who were mounted. He passed the word back to my second Shikari, who carried my 8-bore always and he shouted back.

In a few moments Uskur came galloping up. "Libbah! libbah! lion! lion!" I shouted, waving to the right in the direction the lioness had taken, and without drawing rein, he dashed past me and disappeared through the bushes. My Shikaries now came up, and I told them I thought the lion and one lioness were down, and we proceeded carefully to approach the spot, and I saw the lioness lying at full length. When I was about eight or ten yards from her, she leapt to her feet roaring. I snapped a shot at her as you would at a snipe and plugged her bang in the centre of the forehead, and rearing up she fell over, dead.

Now for the lion, I thought, after putting in another cartridge, but he was nowhere to be seen. I soon took up his tracks, going straight away from me; we followed them easily for 300 yards, when we heard Uskur shouting on our right, and running for a quarter of a mile in the

direction, saw him in fairly open ground with the other lioness forty yards from him, "blown," and sitting up on her haunches, ears laid back, snarling and looking like a demon. She spotted me at once and turned her attention my way. I was eighty yards off, with a bit of a broken ant-hill between us. I crept on twenty yards, till I reached it, and sitting on its side took a steady shot at her chest. She turned, galloped off, and fell head over heels, fifty yards on, dead as a door-nail. On taking up the tracks of the lion again, I found they led right on underneath her ; and, sad to say, in another 200 yards I lost them altogether, in hard ground, and never found them again. (*See Plate 21.*)

On reaching camp with the two lioness'skins and skulls, I met R—— also just coming in. He too had seen a lioness galloping through the bushes, close to where the caravan had halted, but after following a bit, lost sight of her.

The next day Uskur suggested that we should take three ponies and, making a long line, try to hit off a fresh track and to follow it up. This we did and after six or eight miles some one hit off a single track, undoubtedly of the previous night. We followed it fairly easily, and after two more miles were proceeding with extreme caution, ponies to right and left rear, when a lion and two lionesses jumped up, twenty yards off, from under the shade of a tree, and galloped away. I fired a "right and left" at the two lionesses but missed both, and the ponies galloped. Our two syces got on to the lion, and Uskur the two lionesses, which, however,

eventually gave him the slip. We ran through the bushes and short grass on the tracks of the ponies, nearly a mile I suppose, when we heard shouting ahead of us and saw the two syces pointing in one direction. Circling round, R—— to the right and I to the left of the spot, we saw the lion crouching flat with his head between his paws, evidently being “blown” and trying to hide. Our rifles rang out simultaneously. He reared up roaring and fighting the air, and fell over with a .577 and a 12-bore bullet in his carcase.

Following the tracks of Uskur’s pony we found him returning, having lost the two lionesses in the bushes ; and after two or three “draws” we failed to hit off their tracks, but found a fine bull oryx, recently killed and partly eaten. I took the head, and we returned to skin the lion and found at least ten pounds of raw meat in his stomach. Another time we were at the same “game,” when we all spotted a lioness galloping through the bushes, eighty yards in front of us. Uskur galloped after her, the syces, who were also mounted, having lagged a few yards in rear. We ran a mile in his tracks, and then heard him shouting away to our right, and on coming up, saw he had a lioness at bay, sitting on her haunches, her ears laid back and growling savagely. She was perfectly furious, and owing to rather numerous trunks of trees—the ground being very like an English orchard—we had to approach her quite close. R—— got a clear view first and fired, she reared up, roaring, fought with the air and seemed full of life, when I got a chance and

PLATE 21.



“The Author, his Syce, Pony and Shikaries.”

fired ; she fell over dead. But there was only one bullet wound, though, strangely enough, till my rifle rang out, she seemed full of life, but the bark to the side of the trees in my line of fire was deeply scarred by my bullet, which must have glanced off. R——'s bullet must, at that moment, have proved suddenly fatal.

The men ran up, threw themselves down, and rubbed their heads and necks on her head, neck, and sides, delighted that she was now powerless to harm them. She was a fine lioness, with one of her big teeth broken.

It was an exciting Christmas, 1893. On the 24th of December, I shot the two lionesses and lost the lion after wounding him ; on Christmas Day we were after a lioness we lost, and that night sat out in zerebas and heard lions roaring in the distance frequently, and on the 26th we shot the lion, out of a troupe of three which jumped up from under a tree twenty yards from us ; on the 28th we shot the broken tooth lioness in the "English orchard."

One evening I was lucky enough to get an ostrich, a fine black and white cock bird, whose legs now make two handsome lamps. The hens are a slate grey. Ostriches are nearly always in the open, or more or less open ground, and begin to run when you are quite a mile off. We saw forty or fifty I suppose. That evening, however, I was slowly pottering round with my two Shikaries, when one gave a low whistle and we all dropped, and I saw an ostrich 200 yards off feeding amongst some high bushes. I crawled to within 100 yards, when he crossed between

two trees, raised his head, gazed round, began his rapid waddling motion going off, and I knocked him over and ran towards him, but he was up again and got off at his best pace, when a snap shot from the left barrel knocked him over again and settled him. My men almost went mad with joy ; they ran up, sang songs, shouted, danced, jumped over his body, &c., &c. ; we took off our coats, plucked him, packing our coats with the feathers, cut off his legs, head and neck, and proceeded home, where the whole camp danced a sort of quadrille, and declared only one other—a hen—had been shot by a Sahib before. However, shortly after, we heard that three American gentlemen, shooting five days' journey off us, had shot a small hen. I have every reason to think that this ostrich only became aware of my presence by scenting me.

Some days before this I had very nearly shot one. I saw two hens some four hundred yards off in a few bushes, and stalked them. When within 200 yards, and peering round a bush, I saw they had been joined by another, and that they were feeding towards me. I lay still, when I heard some movement *close* to my right, and saw a cock and four hens waddling off, and of course my three hens made best speed after them, before I could get the sights of my rifle on. They were going in Indian file, close up, and making for a space between two big bushes. I “laid on” this spot, and, as the fifth bird passed, I pressed the trigger, and the hindermost bird, a hen, flopped out a wing. I followed a mile, but never

PLATE 22.



"R——'s Rhino, with his two *Sinharies*."

saw anything of her, though another mile or two on I got a glimpse of a hen scuttling off. Another morning, on returning to camp to meet R—, about 11 a.m., for breakfast, and to discuss our individual adventures as usual, I found he had not arrived; and as he was not in at 1 p.m., I had breakfast alone. About an hour after, I heard singing in the distance, the same triumphant song the Somalis sang on approaching camp after I had shot the ostrich, and also when bringing in a lion.

I proceeded with five or six men in the direction, and various were the surmises of rhino, lion, ostrich, elephant. I was awfully pleased, as R—'s luck had, on the whole, not been so good as mine. They carried nothing, but R—, who was smothered in blood, informed me he had shot a rhino. It seems he got on to fresh tracks early, and after following them for two hours, lost them. He was on some high ground, and on looking round with the glasses, thought he saw a peculiar looking mass under a big bare tree, on a small range of hills, and up close to the ridge. He then felt sure it moved, and guessing it must be a rhino, proceeded to make his stalk.

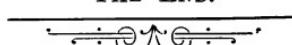
By a detour, he got to the opposite side of the range and began to ascend to the ridge, above which the top of the tree was soon apparent. On crawling carefully to its edge and peeping over, he saw a huge rhino not five yards off, asleep under the tree, his neck, and ear—below which a shot penetrates to the brain—being the far side of the

trunk. He told me he was sure he could have run forward and kicked the brute before he would have had time to move. The question now was where to aim, and eventually he chose beneath the eye, and put in a 12-bore bullet. Up jumped the rhino with a grunt and floundered off, and the left barrel was put into his rump, and the rifle flying up, struck R—— on the nose, which caused it to bleed furiously. A running chase now ensued for four hours, and two or three shots with the .450 were got home, when the rhino apparently tried to charge but only got a pace or two, swaying from side to side, and then tumbled over, dead. (*See Plate 22*).

The next day we proceeded to the spot, cut off his legs at a good *eighteen inches*—measured from the ground—the head-skin was severed far back on his neck and then peeled off, an incision having to be made along the nape of the neck as far as the ears to loosen it. Then sheets of his body hide were taken, as Roland Ward works it up into tables, whips, &c., and it looks like amber. It is quite easy to cut when fresh, being very like the inside of a cocoa-nut in consistence, but when dry it is like a paving-stone.



THE END.





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